# Américas

A new fashion in furs as THE CHINCHILLA COMES OF AGE

BAHIA: TWO-STORY CITY

The Diligenti quintuplets,
FIVE LITTLE
ARGENTINES

ROOM SERVICE IN PATAGONIA

-southernmost hospitality

THE BONE IN

A story by Paul Hyde Bonner

> 25 cents

Cable car swings to top of Sugar Loaf Mountain in Rio, with view of Corcovado in the distance





# Américas

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#### Dear Reader:

Spreading information throughout the Hemisphere about the OAS is one of the obligations of those of us who have the honor of representing the American nations in the oldest and most effective regional organization, whose foundation was laid so long ago at the epoch-making Congress of Panama, called by Bolívar in 1826, and whose juridical structure was definitively established at the IX Inter-American Conference in Bogotá.

Generally speaking, the peoples of America know more about the United Nations than about our own organization. There has not been enough publicity about the outstanding merits, and very human shortcomings, of the OAS. We have lacked the courage to undertake a fullfledged crusade to explain our juridical, political, economic, social, and cultural institutions, which are the very gears of the Pan American machinery.

The Delegation of Ecuador has been particularly concerned about this dangerous, widespread ignorance of the significant functions and basic structure of the OAS. Therefore, in 1953 it proposed the formation of a Committee on Information and Publications. The suggestion was adopted, and seven member nations are now on this committee.

Recently the OAS Council resolved to establish agencies in certain American countries, a measure we hope will be extended to all the republics of the Hemisphere. Their function will be to spread information and exchange publications, one of the best means of arousing the interest of the average man in OAS activities.

A few months ago the Ecuadorean representative on the Council suggested the desirability of publishing a weekly or fortnightly English-language newspaper to furnish U. S. businessmen, merchants, political leaders, and intellectuals with news of the outstanding events and of economic, social, cultural, and commercial strides in Latin America. U. S. readers do not have at their disposal any continuous flow of information on what is really happening in our countries. The U. S. press covers only the harsh facts about disasters, floods, earthquakes, revolutions, and so on; in contrast, almost nothing is said about the really significant, instructive aspects.

In addition, the Ecuadorean delegation has asked that a permanent exposition of articles made in Latin America be set up in Washington. Under the direction and control of the Pan American Union, it would be open to the millions of people who visit this capital every year. There can be no doubt about the practical effect such a display will have on labor and the young industries in Latin America.

To publicize the OAS is to consolidate our inter-American system. Our immediate task is to use the Pan American Union to build better understanding among people. Only then can we carry out our obligation to help transform the Pan-Americanism of speeches and proclamations into a Pan-Americanism of practical and concrete benefits.

Jose of Chintoga V.

Ambassador of Ecuador to the OAS and Vice Chairman of the OAS Council

### ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT

#### DOVETAILING ECONOMIES

All the Latin American countries are vitally interested in strengthening and diversifying their own national economies. But, on top of what each can do separately, further advances in overall productivity or in standards of living may be made possible by integration of the economies of adjoining nations. The prospects for such an international approach seem to be brightening.

Since 1951 El Salvador has had a Special Convention on Payments with Nicaragua and very broad trade agreements with Honduras and Guatemala, under which products are exchanged between the participating countries free of duty or at very low rates.

Elsewhere a new and significant link has recently been added to the chain of Economic Cooperation Agreements between Argentina and other South American countries. Bolivia joined Chile, Ecuador, and Paraguay in having individual agreements with Argentina. Under terms of the new accord, Bolivia and Argentina will each provide the other with nine million dollars' worth of goods a year. Bolivia will supply petroleum, tin, bismuth, asbestos, and lumber, while Argentina will send back wool, oils, fats, and manufactured products. The combined value of trade to be carried out under all the agreements between Argentina and other South American countries comes to about one hundred million dollars annually in each direction.

These events in themselves are encouraging, but it is hoped they will be only the prelude to even more far-reaching coordinated efforts, such as construction of roads in one country to facilitate distribution of goods produced by a neighbor, or installation of dams and power plants whose waters and electricity could be shared by adjoining countries.

#### NORTH AND SOUTH

Could the United States and Latin America get along without each other's goods? Consider some U. S. imports in 1952. All the coffee, of course, came from outside the continental United States, and 90.7 per cent of that from Latin America. More significantly from a strategic standpoint, 45.5 per cent of all new copper used in the country was imported, and Latin America supplied 65.8 per cent of the imports. All tin ore smelted in the United States was imported, 48 per cent of it from Latin America. The same area contributed 50.4 per cent of the iron ore imported, which amounted to about 5 per cent of United States iron ore production. Foreign sugar was allowed to meet 48.2 per cent of U. S. demands and 77 per cent of it was Latin American (U. S. output includes Hawaiian and Puerto Rican). Latin America supplied 25.5 per cent of wool imports.

From Latin America's point of view, the United States represents a market that can absorb a large share of the area's principal export products, but it wants that market to be stable. Generally speaking, some two or three products account for a very large part of each Latin American country's exports, and as a result both the volume and the value of their foreign sales are relatively unstable. Such fluctuations, in turn, hinder efforts to achieve greater diversification of production, for the success of such plans depends largely on a regular flow of foreign exchange derived from exports. Although production of manufactured goods in Latin America has increased noticeably in recent years, they do not constitute a significant item of export. The following agricultural products and mineral raw materials made up the bulk of the region's exports in 1953, and the figures indicate the big share they accounted for in the total foreign sales of various countries:

COFFEE: El Salvador, 88 per cent of total exports; Colombia, 83; Guatemala, 77; Brazil, 68; Haiti, 66; Nicaragua, 47; Costa Rica, 44; Ecuador, 21; Mexico, 12.

PETROLEUM: Venezuela, 94 per cent; Colombia, 13; Peru, 6.

SUGAR: Cuba, 84 per cent; Dominican Republic, 43; Peru, 16; Haiti, 7.

BEEF: Argentina, 18 per cent; Uruguay, 12.

CACAO: Ecuador, 16 per cent; Panama, 8; Brazil, 5.

HIDES: Paraguay, 10 per cent; Uruguay, 9; Argentina, 6.

WOOL: Uruguay, 47 per cent; Argentina, 16.

COTTON: Peru, 30 per cent; Mexico, 24.

BANANAS: Honduras, 65 per cent; Panama, 55; Ecuador, 43; Costa Rica, 42; Guatemala, 14.

COPPER: Chile, 56 per cent; Peru, 8; Mexico, 8.

TIN: Bolivia, 68 per cent.

Coffee, the most conspicuous Latin American export today, gained in its ranking, reaching a total sales volume of two billion dollars in 1953.

From the point of view of destination, 62 per cent of Latin America's 7.6 billion dollar export total in 1953 went to the U. S. A. and Canada, 18 per cent to the countries belonging to the European Payments Union and their dependencies, and 8 per cent to the United Kingdom and the rest of the sterling area, while only 6 per cent represented trade among the Latin American countries themselves, and 5 per cent went to the rest of the world.

Turning to the things Latin America imports—which totalled 6.4 billion dollars' worth in 1953—we find the area depended on the United States for about 60 per cent of its supplies, while it bought 21 per cent from the countries of the European Payments Union and dependencies, 9 per cent represented commerce between Latin American countries, 6 per cent came from the United Kingdom and sterling area, and the rest of the world contributed 3 per cent.

In short, the United States is Latin America's biggest market, by a wide margin, while the Latin American countries and Canada are the U. S. A.'s best customers.

# the chinchilla

Precious fur of South American rodent bred in U.S. homes finally goes on the market





#### Robert B. Konikow

THE AUCTIONEER pounded his gavel, and silence fell over the murmuring crowd. It was a tense moment for those who had gathered in New York last June at the country's first chinchilla auction. For two days before the opening a group of buyers representing the top names in the fur fashion world had been examining the bales of pelts, skin by skin, taking careful notes on the quality and potential markets for the garments their designers could make from these luxurious furs. Each was concerned about the effect of the new fur on the market, eager to take the lead if it caught on, but just as anxious not to get burned.

On the fringes of the crowd sat mute observers, hanging on every word or gesture for a hint of what was to come. They represented the 15,000 families who had been raising chinchillas. For this sale, the first in the history of domestically-raised pelts, could mark success or failure for the quarter century of work and hope that had gone into the attempt to create a new U.S. industry.

The cause of these hopes and fears is a little gray animal who rarely weighs more than two pounds at maturity, but seems much bigger because of its long, silky hair. The chinchilla is a native of South America, perfectly adapted to the high, dry plateaus of northern Chile and southern Peru, although it is also found in Argentina and Bolivia. Its closest U.S. relative is, of all beasts, the porcupine. Both are herbivorous, but the chinchilla has developed the ability to get along on almost no water. In its native habitat it exists on grasses, roots, and plant stems.

The fur's light weight, rarity, and rich appearance, impossible to imitate, early made it a favorite of European aristocracy. The Andes were scoured by Indian hunters, and more and more pelts flowed to the furriers of Europe. In 1894, the exports from Chile alone totaled over 400,000 pelts. At this rate of trapping, the species was soon threat-

Christian Dior created this jacket using newly available, luxurious chinchilla fur ened with extermination, and the countries in which the little animals lived passed stringent laws to protect them. The flow of pelts to market ceased, and the precious chinchilla coats became even more exclusive.

Attempts were made to domesticate the animal in South America, but none have met with success, even to this day. The early failures seemed to mark the end of the chinchilla as an item of commerce. Then in 1920 a U.S. mining engineer, Mathias E. Chapman, working for the Anaconda Copper Company in Chile, became fascinated with the chinchilla; he was convinced that the animals could be raised in the United States.

Chapman's persistence eventually overcame all obstacles—and there were many. He knew that earlier attempts to bring the mountain-loving animals to the sea coast had failed when the change in climate killed them. So he and his wife moved in slow stages, allowing their herd to become gradually acclimatized. It took them two years to reach the seacoast, and another year before they arrived with the animals at their home in San Pedro, California. By that time the herd was reduced to eleven, seven males and four females. With these the Chapmans expected to build an industry.

Many factors seemed to back their faith in the future of chinchillas. The once-coveted fur had commanded high prices in the Leipzig fur markets. With each hair root producing between thirty and sixty separate hairs, the fur is thick, yet so soft that the sense of touch alone is



Experimental crossing of this bigger, off-color Bolivian species with standard chinchilla may produce larger usable pelts

not enough to indicate when your hand first comes in contact with it. No vermin prey upon the chinchilla simply because not even the smallest mite can find his way through the dense coat to reach the skin of the animal.

The chinchilla appears to be a fairly uniform gray, but blowing into the fur reveals a two-colored undercoat. Each hair has three bands of color, a bluish slate-gray at the base, a band of white, then a blue-black tip This unusual coloration cannot be imitated by any known method of fur treatment. Thus any gray fur showing this unique undercoat is immediately recognized as genuine by even an amateur fur connoisseur. This is a distinct advantage to those who buy—and want everyone to know it—only the most exclusive of everything.

The chinchilla requires little living space, has no odor,



Owner talks things over with one of his breeding animals in a large, modern, indoor ranch

and makes only the tiniest squeak. This means that it can be raised almost anywhere. The Chapmans were counting on all these things when they brought the animals into the United States.

It didn't take them long to get started. As they bred stock, they sold breeding pairs, whose offspring were sold in turn to new breeders. Breeding spread eastward from California until today there are chinchillas in almost every one of the forty-eight States and in most Canadian provinces. Some animals have been taken to Europe, but little has come of it so far. There is almost no breeding in South America. The original population of eleven animals in the United States has grown, however, until today there are an estimated three-quarters of a million in this country.

Most breeders looked upon their animals as a hobby. True, it was a hobby that required a substantial investment, which they expected to recover, but few of the early breeders expected that raising chinchillas would afford them a living. They were people who liked animals but who, for one reason or another, could not manage any of the larger, more familiar varieties. They expected sale of surplus stock to repay their original investment, expenses, and perhaps some profit; most of the early breeders have managed this. Others were hoping to build up a herd to support themselves upon retirement.

At first the chinchilla population grew slowly, but in recent years the rate has been considerably accelerated. The stock has improved through selective breeding and as research has added to knowledge of proper feeding. The fur of today's chinchillas is thicker and more evenly colored than that of the animals imported by Chapman. Modern chinchillas are breeding more babies at a time. In the early days, twins were rare and triplets a phenomenon. Obviously, increasing the average was desirable, and breeders worked in that direction. The average has been going up steadily until today it is just under two, with some ranches hitting a higher figure.

Even the love life of the chinchilla has not been safe from the breeders' manipulations. In the early writings on chinchilla raising, the faithfulness of the male was pointed out as a special characteristic. Unlike many less discriminating species, a pair had to be compatible and well acquainted before they would mate. Once that happened, they were true to each other. But alas for morality, it turns out that the male chinchilla is not really so faithful. Properly introduced, he can serve as many as four females at one time. While perhaps less romantic, it is far more efficient for the purpose of producing the most off-spring from the smallest herd.

Despite all these measures, the total population has not increased as rapidly as breeders would prefer. It takes 111 days of gestation to produce a litter of chinchillas—the same as for lions. Of course, as a result of the long period of gestation, baby chinchillas enter the world with a full coat of fur, all their teeth, eyes open, and ready to be weaned in less than a week.

While normally the female is ready to be bred only once in twenty-eight days, she comes into heat immediately after a litter is born. This means that she can be bred back on the same day. At this rate, it is frequently possible to secure three litters a year from a mother, making a total of five or six babies.

As chinchilla raising spread, it became apparent that an association was needed. In 1938 the National Chinchilla Breeders of America—the first and still the largest organization in the industry—was formed. One of its main activities has been to set standards and a code of ethics for the industry, particularly important when breeders banked so much on future profits. It was easy for an unscrupulous seller to promote sales by raising false hopes among potential customers.

If Mr. and Mrs. North America decide to raise their own fur coat, they won't find it too difficult to get started today. Shows and lectures are held annually in most of the big cities, a technical magazine is published monthly, and there is even a pamphlet on chinchilla raising issued by the United States Department of Agriculture. The prospective buyer is protected by a code of fair practice, followed by all reputable dealers.

In fact, sales are provisional, for the buyer is mainly interested not in the present animals, but in their potential offspring. Their ability to produce can be proved in only one effective way—and that is through bearing a litter. A reliable rancher will keep the animals he has sold until they produce their first litter. If they cannot get together, he will find another fertile pair or the sale is off.

Assuming the pair have become parents, the proud owner now has the beginning of a herd. He can take them home and set up his own ranch immediately, but that's rushing things a little. While chinchillas don't take much care, that care has to be doled out in daily doses. Every day they must be fed and watered, given their dust for bathing, and have their cages cleaned. Most new owners prefer to board their animals at a nearby ranch and set up for themselves only when they have many animals.

As soon as cages are installed—generally in the basement—and filled with animals, a home becomes a ranch. This almost imperceptible change carries with it sizeable income tax benefits, since the Bureau of Internal Revenue gives special consideration to breeders of domesticated animals.

The new rancher spends a fair amount of time with his animals, watching them, weighing them, trying to pick out potential blue ribbon winners, deciding who will make the best parents of the coming generations. For specific help and just general shop-talk, most breeders join the NCBA and participate in local chapter activities. There's a lot to learn about such things as the effects of diet, the cause and cure of malocclusion, the judging points of quality, the methods of pelting, the genetics of the species, and so on. The world of chinchilla breeding can fill the lives of its participants.

Next the rancher starts to sell or swap some of his surplus stock to find the kind of breeders he needs to raise his own standards. Selling off surplus stock, especially to new entrants, has paid back the entire costs of many an amateur.

When there is no room in the basement for more cages, the owner either moves or concentrates on improving quality. As the saying goes among breeders, no man should have more chinchillas than his wife can take care of. There is a good deal of truth in the cynical remark, since most ranchers have a full time job and leave the daily care of the animals to their wives. The men do the heavy work on the week ends, in addition—they insist—to making all the decisions.

Everybody can't take in everybody else's laundry for a living, and the chinchilla industry cannot survive by selling stock to other breeders. At some point there must be an economic justification for all this activity. When does a breeder reach the stage where he can sell pelts?

The fact is that there is no market for pelts in small quantities. At the chinchilla show in Washington's Shore-

Mother chinchilla does not get angry even if the lady of the house takes over some of her functions



ham Hotel last winter, the main ballroom was filled with four hundred or more of the nation's finest animals. Yet even if every one of these quality animals were pelted—killing off about a quarter of a million dollars worth of breeding stock—there would not be enough fur for a single garment.

Apparel requires a set of matched pelts, with uniform color and markings that blend. While all chinchillas (except a few freak mutations) are gray, they are not all the same shade. All entries at a show are divided into five classes, ranging from pale to very dark gray. But furriers, when selecting pelts for a garment, frequently divide each of these five into five additional color categories, so that while a show may exhibit many excellent animals, the whole collection wouldn't make one stole.

A stole takes twenty to thirty matched pelts, a jacket about forty-four, a coat even more. Under these circumstances, the pelts produced by many ranches must be combined to satisfy the demands of the fashion market. To handle this combination, the breeders formed the Farmers Chinchilla Cooperative of America, patterned after many other agricultural marketing cooperatives throughout the United States.

The members of the Cooperative, who now own probably 80 per cent of the live animal population of the country, send their best pelts to headquarters. Each is given an individual serial number, which is kept on file. As the pelts accumulate, they are sorted and graded. Bundles of twenty matched skins are prepared for market. Those that fail to meet the standards are either destroyed or used for educational campaigns and research projects, with the permission of the owner—or he may want them back. Others, while of fine quality, may be so rare that nineteen mates cannot be found to match them in a bundle. So they are held for future sales.

Meantime, the Cooperative has started a program of promotion and advertising. A brand name was chosen—Empress Chinchilla—and a slogan—"The precious fur for a precious few." Full-page, four-color ads were placed in magazines that influence fashion leaders; others were written for the fur trade press to educate the men who had to buy and design garments around these furs.

Five outstanding furriers, carefully selected and listed here alphabetically with as much care—Bergdorf Goodman, Fredrica, Maximilian, Revillon Frères, and Ritter Brothers—were sold some of the first bundles so they could make up advance styles of this new fur. Each buyer

Breeders compare fine points of stock and pelts at frequent meetings





Chinchillas are gentle, clean, quiet. These are enjoying a break with friends before judging at exhibition

agreed to pay whatever price the June auction would later determine for furs of that quality.

At the New York auction about 10,800 pelts were sold, and the highest price was \$175 per pelt, for a bundle of twenty pelts. The average was \$36.77, and none sold for less than \$15. This means that a stole may well sell for about \$5,000, which will make chinchilla comparable with the better mink. It is reported that one of the demonstration garments had been sold for \$8,000.

These prices seem to have made the chinchilla breeders happy. Yet there are problems. The top prices quoted were paid for only the best pelts. When the files were consulted after the sale, it was found that the ranches whose quality standards were highest got a fat proportion of the total purchase money, while the other breeders' pickings were pretty slim.

Now that a dollars-and-cents value can be placed on it, more emphasis will be put on quality. But nature is variable, and even the best strain of the best ranch will sometimes produce far from perfect skins. If breeders are to protect the high fashion standards of the Empress brand, they will have to do something about pelts that do not fall in the prime category. The leaders of the industry have been giving considerable thought to this angle.

Here is a field where imagination can pay dividends. What can be done with pelts that are somewhat less than first-rate? What is the market for chinchilla suitable for dress trimming? Would dyed chinchilla be marketable? Can the long, soft fibers be used, like vicuña, for fine fabrics? After shearing the fur, can the soft pelts be used as leather? Could the lowest grade chinchilla be made into fur-lined Arctic jackets?

There are lots of questions, lots of possibilities. But the desire of the fur buyers to purchase prime pelts has proved to thousands of chinchilla breeders that this little native of South America has become firmly established in his new home, and that the imported animals of a comparatively few years ago are already the basis of a new industry.



Pelourinho Hill is named for a stone column where in olden times the authorities posted administrative notices



TWO-STORY CITY
Race blends with race, history with
modernity, in Brazilian port
Thales de Azevedo

Bahia, the first capital of Portuguese America, recalls the past as dramatically as Florence or Toledo. Officially named Cidade do Salvador, it is better known simply as Bahia, after the Bay of All Saints it has encircled for the past four hundred and five years. No other city outside of Europe—except perhaps Goa in Portuguese India—preserves as faithfully as this baroque Brazilian town the civilization of the Renaissance. Its heritage shows up not only architecturally—in its fortresses, fountains, monasteries, churches, houses, even in the layout of its streets and squares—but also in its way of life. In the opinion of Gilberto Freyre, the well-known Brazilian sociologist, the capacity of baianos to enjoy leisure without becoming idle makes them the most civilized people in the country.

The city's history explains why. From 1549 to 1763 Bahia was consecutively the headquarters of the Governor General and the Viceroyalty. For a long time it was the only seat of an Archbishop in Brazil. In addition to being the administrative capital and exerting strong national influence through the political leaders born there (Ruy Barbosa, for example, whose home is now a museum), it was an important trade center for the big sugar plantations nearby. Direct contact with Europe was continually maintained; Portuguese merchant ships, warships, and slave ships called there regularly. Baianos admired and imitated the elegance of Renaissance Europe. Observers visiting the city noticed that social and family life, educational methods, popular celebrations, mannerisms, and

outlook resembled those of Oporto or Coimbra in Portugal. Conservative and cautious about accepting new ideas, advancing more slowly but more calmly than other sections of Brazil, Bahia retains much of this same flavor today.

From the harbor approaches, the upper and lower levels of the two-story city are plainly visible, connected by the 229-foot column housing the Lacerda Elevator and by the Gonçalves cog railway. A long strip of green foliage broken here and there by the almost perpendicular streets is sandwiched in between. At the water's edge modern docks teem with shipping. Through the port flow hundreds of thousands of bags of the famous Bahia cocoa, as well as manganese, cigars, chromium, tobacco, timber, fibers, oil, and leather. Near the docks are the big import and export firms and the banks; toward Itapagipe Peninsula, scattered among the working-class neighborhoods, are repair shops, shipyards, and factories turning out cigarettes, crystal ware, shoes, vegetable oils, and cacao by-products.

But Bahia takes its personality from the old town. If you examine ancient maps made at the time of the city's founding, you'll see that the heart of the city, the seat of government, remains practically unchanged. Here are our cultural institutions, including the Medical School founded in 1808, of which we are so proud. On the upper level, to the north, lie the residential sections with their colonial

mansions, stone façades, and lacy wrought-iron balconies; most of the town's ninety churches with their gold furbishings and magnificent carvings; and some of the ancient forts facing the sea. All are in an excellent state of repair, thanks to SPHAN (Serviço de Patrimônio Histórico e Artístico Nacional), the government agency in charge of preserving artistic and historical treasures. Here the narrow, cobbled streets seem to echo the footsteps of nobility, the mournful chant of slaves bent under their burdens, squeaking oxcart wheels, Holy Week clappers, and the clip-clop of horses. South is the newer part of town, with clubs, movie theaters, government offices of modern, functional architecture. Considerable natural beauty, including fine beaches, sand dunes, islands and inlets in the Bay, add to the city's charm, enhanced by a subtropical climate that never permits the temperature to go below 64° or above 90°.

When Charles Darwin sailed around South America in 1820 on the Beagle, he observed that the rich lived on the top of Bahia and the poor on the bottom. In general, the population is still distributed that way. Tucked in the ravines of the Bahia hills amid a thick growth of coconut palms, mango, and jaca trees are pastel-tinted, mud-and-reed or brick houses. Most of the colored population lives in this African-looking setting, and here one finds the candomblés, or Afro-Brazilian cults, the result of merging Catholicism with the fetishes of the slaves.

Two-story Bahia looks out over the Bay of All Saints and the São Marce'o Fort. Foreground: Apprentice Sailors' School and the Modêlo Market





Above: The Lacerda Elevator links the city's upper



Stone façade of baroque Chapel of the Third Order of St. Francis is elaborately carved

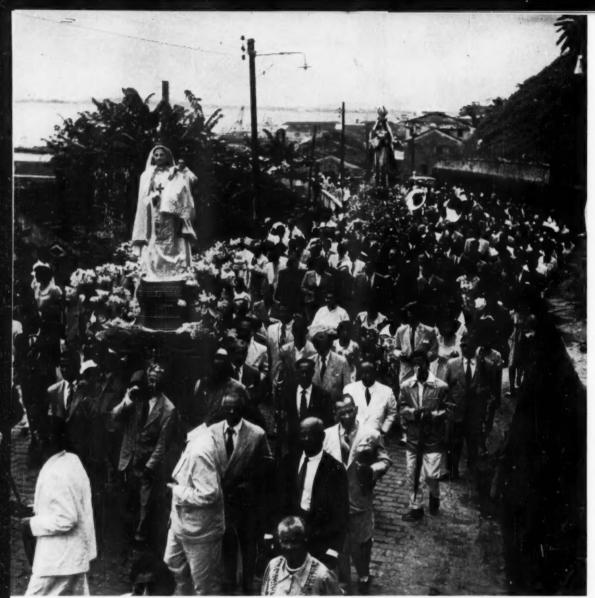


To honor Iemanjá, mother of waters, Afro-Brazilian baiana will cast her burden of gifts into the sea

Dressed in garments of Sudanese-Moslem origin—turbans, cotton shawls, low-necked embroidered blouses, and full skirts—and wearing gold, coral, and sacred shell neck-laces, bracelets, and charms, the Negro and mulatto baiana women go forth each day to sell acarajé, ejó, vatapá and other food delicacies as part of their religious obligations, but also to earn money.

Practically the whole population of Bahia is of African slave and Portuguese extraction. Foreigners have always been scarce; according to the 1950 census, their proportion was slightly over 1 per cent. Spaniards predominate—mostly bakers and grocery store owners—followed by Syrians, Lebanese, Germans, and Russian and Rumanian Jews. Bahia families are large and tightly bound together. Members of different generations as well as godparents and godchildren keep in close contact. A family reunion might bring together dozens of relatives, some rather distant. Many weddings and most of the city's social life take place within the vast family circle.

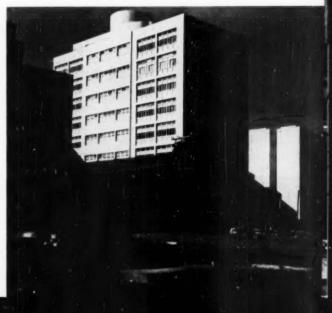
A remarkable variety of human types is seen everywhere in Bahia. During religious processions and holidays or in the course of certain public demonstrations in a busy



Religious processions like this one dedicated to the Virgin Mary of the Beach, patron saint of seafarers, are familiar sight in Bahia

commercial street like the Baixa dos Sapateiros (Shoemakers' Hollow) or in a shrine like the Senhor do Bomfim (Our Lord of the Happy Ending) Church—oft celebrated in popular song—it is interesting to observe the different hues of the population. Nowhere else in Brazil have whites and Negroes mixed so freely. Although the number of the latter is smaller in comparison with other Brazilian cities, the proportion of mulattoes in Bahia is the largest in the country. (Of the total population, approximately 33 per cent are white, 20 per cent Negro, and 47 per cent mulattoes of varying color.) On the other hand, there are no caboclos (mestizos of white and Indian mixture), for soon after they became the slaves of the first settlers, the aborigines either were killed or fled the area.

In spite of ethnic differences, however, this conglomerate of some 400,000 people lives in harmony. The mixture itself is evidence and the result of the almost total



Something new: Caramurú Building on lower level is a link with tomorrow



St. Francis of Assisi Monastery houses all-gold church, cloister lined with beautiful Portuguese tiles



Bahia offers an endless string of fine beaches and an agrecable subtropical climate

absence of racial barriers, a fine example of Brazil's excellent racial relations. Sociological and anthropological studies in the last few decades have shown that most of the colored people are in the lowest strata of society and that the numblest trades are performed almost exclusively by them. But, again, it is also true that many Negroes and mulattoes are found along with the whites in higher positions or in the professions. In this multi-racial society any individual's merits are measured by the same standards, no matter what his physical or ethnic origin.

Many of our scientists, writers, and artists in whom we take pride are Negroes or mulattoes-Teodoro Sampaio, the geographer and historian, for example; folklorist Manoel Querino; linguist Carneiro Ribeiro; and others, including some Barons of the Empire and Ministers of the Republic.

If any prejudices exist, they are matters of degree of color associated with class antagonisms, inevitable in a society which, since colonial days, has been divided into sharply defined ranks. When one says that the dominant class is composed of whites, it must be remembered that "white" in Bahia includes not only those of obvious European descent, but also the lighter mulattoes with Caucasian features who have achieved political prestige, are college graduates, are prosperous, or, because of their polite manners and personal qualities, have been accepted in the upper strata. All this helps explain why there is constant intermarriage even at the highest level. The continual miscegenation, in fact, indicates a tendency toward the progressive "whitening" of the population.

In Bahia, the morena girl, whether a dark-complexioned white or a light mulatto with finely chiseled features, is considered the most attractive kind of feminine beauty. Incidentally, it is rude to call someone negro, unless you use the diminutive form, negrinho, which has an affectionate connotation. Darker people are always called pretos or escuros ("blacks" or "darks"), and each type of mulatto, depending on the amount of negroid characteristics and color, has its own designation. Dark color, kinky hair, and so on, are a symbol of lower class because of the traditional identification of such people with the slaves. But color is looked upon by many as purely an "accident," not at all related to intelligence or character. The social advancement of colored people is, therefore, considered a matter of course and something to which they are entitled like everyone else. Naturally, not every baiano agrees. There are some who believe the city would be more progressive with fewer colored folk. But this is not the general feeling, and few who entertain such views admit them publicly, because their fellow citizens take pride in their non-racist, anti-discriminatory convictions.

Because of their way of life, many foreign and national observers today consider the baianos the prototypes of the cordiality that characterizes the country as a whole. We are not exuberant and extroverted, but hospitable, thoughtful, and modest. Even the humblest among us are sober-mannered and ready to help others. Visitors often praise the quiet courtesy with which we receive them. Indeed, the antagonisms and conflicts of local society seem to be continually softened by our constant striving to adapt. You might say we are not very aggressive or competitive due, to a certain extent, to the rigidity of our social and economic institutions. While we have the reputation of being a large village where everybody knows everybody else, it is the fact that past and present live side by side in baroque Bahia that makes us renowned among Brazilian cities. . .

#### Answers to Quiz on page 47

- 1. A calendar (The Aztec Calendar Stone)
- 2. Copán, Honduras
- 3. Eighteenth (his dates are 1738-1814)
- 4. Water color
- 5. Venezuela
- 6. José Belloni
- 7. José Clemente Orozco
- 8. Haiti
- 9. Carlos Mérida
- 10. The Museum of Modern



Franco, named for his father, is the most studious of the Diligenti quintuplets of Argentina

All the quints are individual personalities: Carlos is the most active and sports-minded



# Five Little Argentines

Diligenti quintuplets are healthy and happy at eleven

Paul Almasy



María-Fernanda likes to tend the flower garden of spacious Diligenti home

PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR

The recent death of Canadian Emilie Dionne left the Diligentis of Buenos Aires as the only complete set of living quintuplets. When the five Argentine babies were born July 15, 1943, the event brought only passing notice from the world; there was none of the fanfare provoked by the sensational arrival of the Dionnes nine years earlier. This was all right with their father, wealthy industrialist Franco Diligenti, who has shunned publicity and kept his two boys and three girls fairly well secluded. Unlike Papa Dionne, Mr. Diligenti was not only capable of supporting the huge influx into his family without assistance from outside sources, but could even provide them with such luxuries as tutors and a swimming pool.

When I first requested pictures of the Diligenti quints, I was turned down flat. Mr. Diligenti didn't want his children spoiled by too much attention from the press.



Each quintuplet plays a musical instrument, but María-Ester is the most musically inclined

I explained that I was a Swiss from the country of educator Pestalozzi and wanted to give readers some pointers on how to raise five youngsters. Finally he consented. But the decisive factor must have been fatherly pride in his quintet.

Mr. Diligenti, a hale, friendly man in his fifties, greeted me at his luxurious estate in the fashionable residential district of Belgrano, the Beverly Hills of Buenos Aires. He was surrounded by youngsters running around the spacious lawn and diving by fives into the beautiful swimming pool. There appeared to be no striking resemblance between Carlos, Franco, María-Cristina, María-Fernanda, and María-Ester. Even their personalities are different, their father assured me. Three of the children are quick, energetic, and inclined to be careless, while the other two are slow, sensitive, and thorough.

"The most astounding thing about them," said Mr.

Diligenti, "is their unity. If one does something wrong, they're all ready to take the blame for it. This makes it very difficult to mete out punishment, since you can never be quite sure of the culprit. In some ways, of course, it's good for them to stick together—but it has other drawbacks, too."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, take the matter of personality development. Enrolled together at the same school, they lost their individuality. They felt the kinship tie so strongly that they didn't mix with the other students. After all, each of the youngsters felt he already had four friends to play with. I'm glad to see them loyal to one another, but they must learn to associate with other people too. Another thing, they even got to acting in unison. What one did, the others imitated. They were like an independent republic inside the boundaries of Argentina with a law sufficient unto themselves."

I laughed. "What can you do to break up this nation?" "Send them to separate schools. They don't like it, but in the long run I think it will be the best thing for them. Carlos will attend St. Andrew's Scots School; María-Fernanda, Northlands School; María-Ester, Michael Ham Memorial College; María-Cristina, Quilmes High School; and Franco, St. George's College. That will give them no choice but to mix with others."

"How do they take to learning?"

"My pride as a parent makes me want to say very well, of course. But that's not entirely true. To get the best results, you have to be very careful how you handle them. For instance, I always show an interest in what they do and try to throw ideas their way, leading them to new sports and so on. If they acknowledge any leader, it's me. I find the velvet glove most effective with them—but that doesn't mean that discipline is a hundred per cent successful around here."

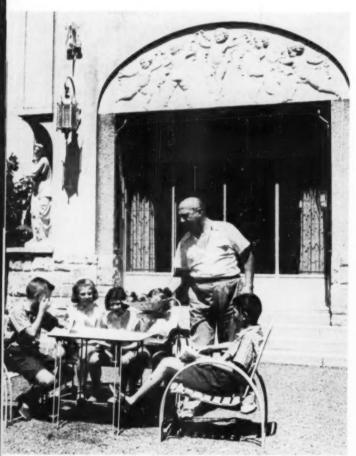
"How did you feel when the quints were born?"

María-Cristina loves the water, spends every minute she can in family's private pool





In they go! Seldom-photographed Diligentis enjoy a dip at their home in lush Buenos Aires suburb of Belgrano



Bas-relief frieze commemorates birth of quintuplets on Iuly 15, 1943

"Happy. Very happy. My wife says she brought an orchestra into the world. And I don't mean just five lusty voices crying in chorus. They all play instruments: Carlos and María-Fernanda, the violin; María-Ester, the piano; María-Cristina, the harp; and Franco, the accordion."

Mr. Diligenti waved toward the shouts from the poolside. "I'm afraid I must leave you now. They're calling me and it's not so easy to escape such a summons. They probably just want to show me they can hold their heads under water for fifteen seconds. But I must acknowledge their accomplishments. If this seems like a lot of trouble, it's my own fault, because that's the way I've brought them up."

I watched Mr. Diligenti join his romping children. They looked healthy and happy. What more could a father want? • • •



Sign above quintuplets' heads bears a quote from President Perón: "In the new Argentina, the only privileged people are the children"

### a word with José Luis Cuevas



Before the exhibition of paintings by Mexican José Luis Cuevas opened at the Pan American Union in July, employees and friends of the Union unexpectedly snapped up a quarter of the drawings in the show and a New York dealer had sold some sight unseen to clients by phone-almost unheard-of for a relatively unknown artist. Within a fortnight the one-man show-forty-three ink drawings and watercolors-was completely sold out. No less startling than his morbid creations-chilling studies of the diseased and insane made on the streets of Mexican slum districts and in mental hospitals-was the twenty-one-year-old artist himself, a deceptive figure to have created such work. Shy, ill at ease in the crowd, he stood to one side at the opening with an interpreter.

Slight of figure and in height, Cuevas seems unremarkable except for his deeply set green eyes and his sweep of hair. Partly from nearsightedness (he wears black, thick-rimmed glasses when sketching), mostly from intensity, his eyes bear out on the world like the bores of a double-barreled shotgun. Above them a giant wave of brown hair curls out from his forehead to end untidily above his collar.

Cuevas lives in Mexico City with his family. His father is a former Braniff Airlines pilot, now engaged mostly in the pharmaceutical supply business, and his mother is from Yucatan. An older sister is a nun; his elder brother, a psychiatrist. From his earliest recollection, Cuevas was a solitary child who liked to draw. I asked about his formal training.

"I had none. Once I spent three months in art school," he admitted, "but I learned nothing. Although I admire Orozco and Tamayo, no artist has influenced me, only Mayan and Tarascan sculpture." Cuevas, in fact, with four of his friends-painters Vlady, Enrique Echeverría, Alberto Gironella, and Pedro Coronel-form a group that represents a radical departure from what they consider the political art of Diego Rivera and David Alfaro Siqueiros. "Our main ideal is to avoid political implications and to serve no political interests," he explains. "However, while we have some points of coincidence, we are all different in our approach."

At thirteen, Cuevas took up oil, but then, as now, only used it from time to time. "It doesn't give me the same immediate sense of people that I gain from the use of ink and watercolor," he says. "My principal interest is to be in touch with people. Art with real human content is the art that interests me." He went on to high school, then attended the National Preparatory School, where he studied for a degree in architecture. At the end of a year, then eighteen, he decided to be an artist, not an architect.

Today Cuevas rises each morning at seven in the twostory family house in the Colonia del Valle section, and after breakfast makes his way to a tiny rooftop studio with a small skylight where he works until noon. Then, clad in dungarees and with a sketchbook or large portfolio, he sets out for his usual haunts. He might, for example, go to the poverty-stricken Nonoalco district of Mexico City. When he spies a deformed or mentally retarded child, the artist leans against a wall, quickly reporting on paper what his

eves see. His glance is rapid, his strokes quick and sure. For this kind of sketching he uses black or sepia ink mixed with gum arabic so that there is no danger of spilling. "It's almost solid," he says. While some of his drawings are done with a pen, his usual implement is an almost disintegrated brush with only two or three bristles left. With these remnants he achieves a fine, delicately shaded stroke. At times he will use the metal bit that holds the bristles as a pen point itself, grinding it down against the paper. "My artist friends don't throw away their old, useless brushes," he comments. "They give them to me." In emergencies he may use a stick or a pointed match with

equal facility.

Some of his most remarkable subjects are drawn from hospitals and range from women in childbirth to the insane in electric shock. With the help of his brother, in training as a psychiatrist. Cuevas was given permission to sketch in the Manicomio Nacional, the insane asylum in Mexico City. Here he was able to make finished, on-the-scene drawings before the barred cells or sit to one side and sketch while patient and doctor talked. (Cuevas secured permission to visit a drawing class at St. Elizabeth's mental hospital in Washington. In contrast to Mexico, he found the experience shattering. When, after being carefully introduced to the inmates, he tried to draw them, they insisted on exchanging their efforts for his. They asked him for his autograph. On his way through the halls, a patient who noted his long hair and burning eves beckoned him over, "So they finally got you here at last," the man said. "You'll never get out.")

Cuevas' first one-man show in Mexico City about a year ago was an economic failure, but last March, in a group show at the Galería San Angel, one room featuring thirteen of his pictures attracted the attention of Dr. Alvar Carrillo Gil, the noted collector of Mexican moderns (chiefly Orozco). Dr. Carrillo bought out the entire room, then asked Cuevas to come by his residence. When the young man appeared, he bought twenty-one more sketches and set up a show for him in Mérida, Yucatan. Calling the pictures "impressive for their roughness and drama," he asserted that "All this promises work of even higher scope." During Cuevas' Pan American Union show, the success of which may be the making of his future career, this praise was consistently re-echoed by newspapers and art critics. Ambassadors, museums, and art collectors bought his work unhesitatingly. While a few observers saw nothing more in it than "a madhouse exhibit" or something "of value to doctors and others who work with unfortunate people," others agreed with José Gómez-Sicre, chief of the PAU visual arts section, that his subject and technique recall the late Gova, the Gova of the House of the Deaf Man and of Los Caprichos; or the brutality and boldness of the early drawings and the murals of Orozco; or even the sharpness and reportorial skill of Daumier.

While the material with which Cuevas is concerned conjures up the picture of a Toulouse-Lautrec stewing in the flesh pots of Mexico City, the appraisal is entirely incorrect. The artist detests alcohol, does not smoke, likes quiet, reserved girls, is devoted to his family. Besides painting he is interested in philosophy (existentialism) and music. He prefers Prokofiev and Beethoven. Serious far beyond his years, Cuevas never seems to be completely happy. My last impression of him was his doodling on a yellow pad as I talked to him. A two dimensional figure, as in a woodcut, appeared. It was quickly dressed in a death's head with thorny horns above, with dark hills beyond. Below, in the ground, three skulls rattled in a coffin.-James Truitt



PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR

#### A de luxe hotel at the end of the earth

# ROOM SERVICE IN

#### **Scott Seegers**

THE HOTEL COSMOS of Punta Arenas, Chile, does business half a block from the end of the world. Fifty yards or so from its massive panelled door the chill waters of Magellan Strait whisper on the weed-strewn beach of this southernmost city. Southward across the Strait are only the vacant brown plains of Tierra del Fuego, and beyond these, a few hundred miles of ice-filled seas between Cape Horn and Antarctica.

The Cosmos' creaky, two-story, dun-colored wooden building has stood for half a century against the fierce polar gales, and it looks it. But the hotel, which commands the affectionate loyalty of all of Chilean Patagonia, wears its exterior shabbiness with the air of an erstwhile duchess, disdainful of newer, taller neighbors of masonry and concrete.

The specific cause of this eminence is a plain, pleasant,

efficient, multilingual, untiring woman of fifty or thereabouts named Maria Toth. María and her husband, Juan, took over the hotel's management nearly thirty years ago. Within the ugly building all is grace and comfort. The beds are pure luxury, piled high with blankets. The steam heat never fails, summer or winter. Floors and walls are bone-clean, the wavy panes of the old windows polished like crystal goblets. Fresh paper lines every bureau drawer, and dust rests but briefly and uneasily anywhere in the hotel. The ancient Franklin stove in every suite is repainted a gleaming black at regular intervals and the small brass knobs atop each corner glisten in the firelight. Every day the brass coal scuttle beside the stove is burnished as carefully as if to contain milk, refilled with coal, and replaced.

Cosmos service is alert, intelligent, and friendly, with

a touch of the irrepressible gaiety that is the Chilean national trademark. There is just sufficient punctilio to draw the clean, invisible line between guest and staff member.

The food is excellent, and if sheep in one form or another shows up frequently on one's plate, at least the Cosmos chef has devised more ways to cook sheep, and more names for it, than anyone would have thought possible. After all, it is sheep country, and most other edibles except fish and eggs must be imported from latitudes where summer is longer and kinder. But by whatever name, no mutton chop was ever served with greater professional flourish than those that pass under the falcon regard of Emilio, the maître d'hôtel. The starched busboy who inadvertently clinks two goblets in clearing the table trembles as though Emilio's displeasure involved a dungeon with rack and wheel. "Long ago when I came to work here as a young man," Emilio said, "the Señor [Juan Toth] told me that only two sounds should ever be heard in a dining room: string music and the conversation of the guests."

Above Emilio's head the stark wooden ceiling of the big, wedge-shaped dining hall may sag here and there, but the huge wall mirrors in their gilt frames reflect the glitter of crystal chandeliers as bravely as when Punta Arenas was one of the world's busiest seaports. In those days, before the Panama Canal was opened, the storm-ripped Strait was the only sea passage north of Cape Horn between Atlantic and Pacific. Ships that survived the westward voyage dropped their hooks in

Aires in search of a manager who could run the place at a profit. They found Juan and María Toth.

María was born in Uruguay of hotelkeeping Swiss parents, Juan was born in Buenos Aires of Austrian parents, also hotelkeepers. They were married and working hard in Juan's father's hotel in Buenos Aires when the call came from Patagonia. They had run the Punta Arenas hotel only a few months when it caught fire and burned down. The young couple "bought the key" (leased the building) of the staggering Cosmos and set up on their own.

Available hotel help was either badly trained or not trained at all. Juan and María soon decided to employ only youngsters and do their own training. They had good material to work with. The people of the region, generally a mixture of many nations, are cheerful, strong, intelligent, and energetic. Uncontaminated by the frenetic week-end tourism that has corrupted so many oncegracious hostelries into neon bedlams, Cosmos employees absorbed the same inflexible creed of service that had been part of Juan's and María's childhood.

Strict though the Toths' training was, they infused the process with personal affection that generated boundless loyalty in the employees. Several of the present staff were recruited within the first years after the Toths came to Punta Arenas. Nearly all except the apprentices have been there ten years or more. The comparatively young chef went to work as a dishwasher eighteen years ago. When I was there one of the desk clerks had just won a lottery prize of half a million pesos. In Chile this is a

# PATAGONIA

the Punta Arenas roadstead to repair damage and to stock up on fresh provisions. Vessels bound eastward toward the Atlantic also paused to reprovision and to lash down everything that might be carried away by the battering green-gray seas. Officers and passengers of all ships thronged the Cosmos' suites and public rooms, enjoying the last bit of cosmopolitan gaiety available for more than a thousand cold, rough miles.

After the Panama Canal robbed Punta Arenas of all but regional shipping, the hotel languished. It languished still more after the sheep-ranching Scottish-British colony decided that its social affairs could not be housed with sufficient pomp at the Cosmos, and built their own hotel with a big ballroom. But the new hotel also lost money, a situation intolerable to the Scots, and hardly less so to the British. The management committee sent to Buenos



Like her Swiss parents, Uruguayan-born María Toth excels at hotel management. Here she is shown with maître d'hôtel Emilio

modest fortune, but the clerk had no immediate plans for leaving his job.

Within a year or two after the Toths took over, the Cosmos had regained all its diminished prestige. Ranchers and their wives en route from their remote properties to Santiago, San Francisco, London, Paris, or Glasgow, stopped at the hotel for a few days while the wives visited and did pre-travel shopping. On the way home again they paused for another couple of weeks of final sampling of city ease and social life before vanishing into the Patagonian loneliness. When town houses were too small



In its heyday, before Panama Canal was opened, Punta Arenas was one of world's busiest ports, now handles mostly regional shipping

for a wedding party or a banquet, Juan and María provided accommodations and a glittering board. Honeymooners departed, not from their parents' home, but from a Cosmos suite to take ship or plane. Expectant mothers from the country spent the last weeks of their waiting at the Cosmos. Returning from the hospital, mother and new baby stopped at the hotel for a week of rest before going home. Preparation of formulas and properly warmed bottles fit as easily into the Cosmos kitchen schedule as a saddle of mutton. Ranchers' wives, needing something feminine from town, soon learned that a message to María would bring the article by the next passing horseman or truck.

The young cadets, as the low-salaried apprentices of the sheep ranches are called, traditionally make the hotel their headquarters during their yearly vacation of two riotous weeks. María keeps their city clothes in storage and when each eager youth turns up, his suit is handed over, cleaned, pressed, rips mended, and missing buttons replaced. While he is on the town María patches his worn ranch clothing and has it washed. Such chores as these she does in her "spare time," between eight p.m. and midnight. She considers them as integrally a part of an innkeepers' job as putting salt on the table, and no more reasonably subject to extra charge.

"They have so little money," she said. "And besides, boys of that age shouldn't have to bother with such things. They work hard, and they ought to have fun on their vacations." They do have fun, and they never forget María.

When a U. S. guest's digestion went awry, the local doctor put her on a strict diet and ordered her to Santiago for treatment. She foresaw dining difficulties aboard the northbound ship. But at the first meal the chief steward seated her solicitously and summoned a waiter, who appeared not with a menu, but with a steaming tray. Emilio had spent half a day with the doctor working out proper and varied menus for every meal of the four-teen-day trip. He had provided the ship's chief steward with a copy and impressed upon him the importance of following it to the letter. Tasty items of the diet not among the ship's provisions he supplied from the Cosmos larder.

For a long time the biggest blowout in Punta Arenas, the collective New Year's party, has been held at the Cosmos. By all accounts this is a test of the ancient structure more severe than the attrition of the polar storms. Virtually the entire city, and every rancher and his family who can get to town, join in the hilarity. One year a rancher in an upstairs bedroom was abed with influenza, feeling like celebrating nothing livelier than a funeral. After a number of attempts to get him to join the party, some of his impatient colleagues rolled him up in his blankets, tied him securely into a bundle, and dumped him in a corner. The uproar of the festivities drowned the cocooned rancher's call for help. When the horrified chambermaid found him in the morning, he had a high temperature and was flirting with pneumonia. Maria and the staff nursed him back to health.

The victim was inclined to be philosophical about the affair. Not so María. She lectured each of the pranksters severely and threatened them with permanent exile if they so misbehaved in the future.

As the region prospered, so did the hotel. As an annex Juan and María leased a building of similar vintage at the other end of the block and connected the two by a long, dark, draughty passage haunted by the ghosts of departed icebergs. Many an annex dweller has downed an extra nightcap in the bar just to fortify himself for the groping transit to his quarters. Annex rooms, however, are as comfortable as those in the rest of the hotel.

There are no keys to Cosmos rooms. This is not policy, but as room keys were lost or carried away by forgetful guests no one ever thought to replace them. A Texas oil driller, arriving for work in the Tierra del Fuego oil fields across the Strait, once threw the staff into consternation by demanding a key. Bellboys, housekeeper, chambermaids, and room clerk conferred in agitation. The situation was not helped by the Texan's complete lack of Spanish or by the room clerk's fragmentary English. As things got tense another North American, a Cosmos resident of long standing, walked down the corridor. The clerk appealed to him. "The man wants a key!" he wailed. "In eleven years here I have never seen a room key. Please explain to your compatriot that in the Cosmos one does not need keys!"

However, there was once a theft in the hotel. The pilferer, a recently hired busboy, was discovered and exposed by the scandalized staff. He was fired, and the loot, a pack of cards, was restored to its owner with abject apologies.

A single room in the Cosmos costs about \$3,50 U. S. per day, including meals. Running water, bath down the hall. Private baths are few outside the suites, and one's chance of getting a suite is slight indeed, as those are

occupied by long-time residents.

One needs time and patience to take advantage of this modestly priced bounty. Santiago, the Chilean capital, lies 5,200 miles due south of New York, a distance daily airliners cover in twenty-three hours. From Santiago one had best go by the steamer that leaves once a month from Valparaíso. During the summer months of December, January, and February the Chilean airline runs three DC-3 planes per week to Punta Arenas when the weather permits, which is not every day. These flights are invariably booked solid six to seven weeks ahead for the twelve-hour flight. When the days grow shorter, the schedule drops to one flight per week.

Whatever the difficulties of getting there, the experience of finding such a hotel in such a setting is rewarding and unforgettable. For Patagonia is still frontier country, the wide, paved streets and modern buildings of Punta Arenas notwithstanding. From the edge of the little city the inimical harsh land spreads its rolling emptiness. Here and there ranches of fifty thousand or a hundred and fifty thousand acres dot the infinity. Sheep share the sparse pasture with jack rabbits, ostrich, ducks, wild geese, fox, and guanaco, the swift wild ancestor of the domesticated llama. It is too cold for snakes, too cold even for the wide-ranging mountain lion, who seldom drifts below the northern edge of Patagonia, Primitive and timid Indians dart in skin canoes among the twisting

Hotel is last outpost of civilization for traveler in empty reaches of Chile's far South



watercourses of the island maze west and south of the city. Several Punta Arenas merchants deal only in animal skins. Across the Strait the Tierra del Fuego oil fields have brought implications of heavy industry to the area, but even this is a rough, frontier-type development.

Diversions available to the traveler include hunting and fishing, tennis, horse races, and golf. If he is of Viking persuasion, he can ski, or skid on a glacier, or try to shinny up the vicious perpendicular rock fangs of 8,700-foot Cerro Payne, some miles to the north. Within half an hour's drive from the city naïve brown trout from twelve to twenty pounds will leap at a bare hook almost as eagerly as they will take a fly. Moreover, one can hardly finish his first drink in the hotel bar without getting an invitation to spend a day or a week at any one of a number of the vast sheep ranches. The ranchers and their families lead lonely lives, and they seem invariably eager to share their comfortable homes with any congenial passerby.

A number of years ago Juan Toth's health began to fail, and bit by bit the entire operation of the Cosmos descended on María. She merely worked harder and longer hours. For the past dozen years Juan Toth has



Members of indefatigable Cosmos staff, who receive stiff training, are fiercely loval

seldom left his suite, and María has done the job alone. Each year when the brief summer dies, María supervises a final scrubbing. She puts her accounts in order and, leaving the operation of the hotel to her staff, goes for a long visit to the Argentine Sierras de Córdoba, where her married son has his own hotel. She was packing for the trip when I talked to her last. "You must love Patagonia very much," I remarked after my questions were done. María's swift hands never ceased sorting and folding.

"I hate Patagonia," she said without bitterness. "I did not like it the day I first set foot in Punta Arenas nearly thirty years ago. I still feel the same way."

"But the people," I stammered in astonishment. "All those who love you so much. . . ."

"The people are my friends and they are fine," she said in the same calm tone. "But each year when I go to visit my son in the Sierras de Córdoba I take a few more of my personal things and leave them there. One year I shall simply not come back. That is the year I am living for."

That will be a black year for Patagonia. .





Korn battled outworn positivism, convinced that man can control his own destiny

### PHILOSOPHER AND CITIZEN

#### Alejandro Korn inspired new era in Argentine thought

#### Hugo Rodríguez-Alcalá

In the Middle of the last century a German physician, Dr. Adolfo Korn, and his Swiss-born wife, the former María Verena Meyer, settled in San Vicente, Argentina. The immigrant doctor had left his homeland for political reasons, and the town on the pampas offered a peaceful refuge where he could practice unmolested and devote his spare time to raising wheat. He won the respect of the local people both for his medical skill and for his kindliness; he built the first flour mill in the region and taught his neighbors scientific methods of cultivation. In time the doctor-farmer became the patriarch of the community.

The first-born of this modest and respected couple was Alejandro Korn, Argentine philosopher, teacher, and intellectual leader, who, for the sake of his principles, challenged a nation, risking prestige, position, and peace of mind. He came into the world on May 3, 1860, during a period of political reorganization and economic re-

construction after the defeat of the tyrant Juan Manuel de Rosas—a difficult but promising era.

Alejandro received his first instruction from his parents, and German teachers in San Vicente completed his primary education. He learned at an early age to read and write both German and Spanish, was later to find inspiration for his own doctrine of freedom by reading Schopenhauer and Kant in the original. In the village Alejandro was known as el alemancito (the little German). Sometimes at parties attended by outsiders, the neighbors would ask to borrow the boy so that others could see how blond he was. The small, fair gaucho was an indefatigable horseman and remained so throughout his life.

The pampa exerted a profound influence on the future philosopher. There he became aware of his country's abundant fertility. Together with his later years amid the intellectual ferment of the cities it helped give him a grasp of Argentina as a whole—the country and the city, the past, present, and future. During his childhood he grew accustomed to looking at vast horizons. As a philosopher he applied this sense of perspective to the panorama of history and ideas.

In 1872 Korn went to Buenos Aires for his advanced studies. On completion of his secondary work, he entered medical school and at twenty-two received his degree. With brand-new diploma in hand, he left Buenos Aires to set up practice in the village of Ranchos, where he met and married María Cristina Villafañe. There for some years Korn lived outside the intellectual orbit, devoting himself almost entirely to his profession, his wife, and his seven children.

On leaving the university Alejandro Korn was a positivist. He described it this way:

When I received my degree. . . , I was to interrupt my contacts with the literary currents in the capital. You can gather how long ago that was if I tell you that young people were still reading Émile Zola. Well, some years later when I wanted to take up the thread of contact again, I came across a small work entitled Azul. . . , with suspensive points. I asked about the poet [of the day] and was told Verlaine; they informed me that the prose writer was Anatole France. Still saturated with Spencer, I heard of a new philosopher, Friedrich Nietzsche. For anyone to comprehend the intensity of the transformation he must have awakened just as suddenly, without any transitional stage.

Actually, at that time a great change was taking place in Western philosophy. Alejandro Korn resumed his intellectual pursuits toward the end of the century, at a time when Rubén Darío was revitalizing Spanish-language poetry, Verlaine was symbolic of the new spirit behind European verse, and Nietzsche was undertaking what he called the "transvaluation of all values." Korn felt a compelling urge to bring himself up to date with the new philosophic-literary currents. After a forceful attempt at ideological self-renovation, he divorced himself from positivism and prepared to fight to the bitter end against this strongly entrenched philosophy. He studied Schopenhauer, Kant, Nietzsche, and the contemporary philosophers who had also reacted against the doctrine.

In his anti-positivist struggle Korn was not only spurred on by a desire to rectify purely ideological

errors, but was just as much preoccupied with ethics. He saw that the positivist doctrine was unsuitable for creating an ethical concept and realized that Argentina needed a new formula for standards of conduct. Positivism was founded on the natural sciences and, therefore, considered man incapable of deciding his own behavior, since he was supposed to be dominated by Nature's inflexible determinism. Korn's philosophy, on the contrary, was founded on fundamental ethical intuition, which asserts freedom and spiritual autonomy.

In 1888 Korn moved to La Plata, where he began his brilliant teaching career; for the next eight years he was professor of anatomy at the Colegio Nacional. In 1897 he was appointed director of the Melchor Romero Provincial Hospital for the Insane. His work as a psychiatrist is relatively unknown. In the Hospital archives he left almost a hundred scientific works on psychiatry that will some day reveal a still obscure facet of his keen intellect.

In all phases of his life Korn was an innovator. One of his biographers related that he "completely transformed the old hospital-half prison-into an institution for re-education, where he adopted the open-door work technique long before it was in use elsewhere." By this method he converted his patients into farmers, skilled workmen, and so on. Dr. Korn had such high respect for human dignity that any unjustified restriction of the freedom of his fellow men infuriated him. In the Melchor Romero Hospital there was a prison-like section known as the Bastille, where the mentally ill were confined as punishment for infractions of the rules. Korn chose the Fourteenth of July as the day to destroy this Bastille, and he himself, armed with a pick-axe, led a group of inmates in razing the building. He was not yet the philosopher of freedom, but there were portents of the doctrine that culminated in his most significant essay: La Libertad Creadora (Creative Freedom).

Korn was still more physician than philosopher, dedicated to his scientific work. But in 1906 he was named alternate professor of history of philosophy at the University of Buenos Aires, and thus began a phase of his life that had had its inception years earlier. In 1916 he left his post at the Hospital and, with it, the practice of medicine. For the next fourteen years he taught philosophy at the universities of Buenos Aires and La Plata.

Alejandro Korn was a complex man who achieved brilliant success in vastly dissimilar fields. Modest and unpretentious, he nevertheless won a following wherever he went. Instead of courting the good will of influential people, on more than one occasion he openly accused some of corruption. As a politician he belonged over the years to three parties, lending his enthusiasm and support to the one most apt to carry out its civic responsibilities. In his youth Korn was a Radical; in his adulthood, a Conservative; and in his old age, a Socialist. The village of Ranchos elected him president of the city council when he was scarcely more than an adolescent; the city of La Plata, provincial deputy. In later years, the Socialist Party nominated him for provincial senator and national deputy.

Perhaps one of the most significant aspects of Alejandro Korn's career was his work with Argentine youth. He was always a friend to young people, continually surrounded by them, and to the end of his days retained his youthful spirit. "What do you want me to do with old people?" the white-haired patriarch used to ask his daughter Inés. "I have nothing to talk about with them."

In 1918 Argentine university youth rebelled against prevailing academic practices through a student movement that was born in tradition-loving Córdoba and spread to all the universities of the nation. After some violence, they scored a total victory that had repercussions throughout Latin America. Young Argentines demanded and obtained participation in university administration and non-compulsory attendance. This youthful revolution scandalized conservative people, who attributed it to perverse motives, a spirit of disorder, and open insubordination.

At the time Alejandro Korn was a professor at the University of La Plata. Unhesitatingly he lined up with the students and openly swore his allegiance to them. His long meditations on Argentine history and on the evolution of the ideas that were the basis for its institutions revealed to him the hidden meaning for the revolt. According to him, the rebellion was the unequivocal manifestation of a spiritual crisis that resulted from the inadequacy of outmoded ideas and ideals, most clearly

recognized by the younger generation.

Almost seventy years earlier the Argentine nation had adopted the ideological principles of Juan Bautista Alberdi to build the country politically, to populate uninhabited areas, and to draw up a plan for economic development. Alberdi, philosopher and legislator of an embryonic, chaotic society, particularly emphasized the most urgent problems of the critical middle years of the nineteenth century. He was, according to Korn, a man who "had thought for everyone." True founder of Argentine positivism, he prepared the ideological terrain where the ideas of Comte and Spencer later took root. Positivism became so firmly entrenched in Argentina that years after it had become passe in other countries of the world, it still ruled anachronistically on the banks of the River Plate, stemming the tide of new ideas.

Alejandro Korn historically justified positivism, as introduced by Alberdi, admitting that the doctrine corresponded to the needs of the time; but things had changed since then. In 1918 Argentina had progressed economically to the point where, according to Korn, "it was necessary to incorporate higher values into the economic development of the country and create ethical, esthetic interests that would diminish the predominance of ma-

For these reasons, Korn fervently supported the university reforms, justifying the rights won by the students in these words:

This innovation does not make things easier for anyone. It dignifies university life, since it will awaken in professors and students alike awareness of their responsibilities. The lack of external compulsion makes selfdiscipline essential. This reform will inevitably intensify the seriousness of the final exams and will therefore



Juan Bautista Alberdi sowed the seed of positivism in Argentina in 1880's





Arthur Schopenhauer, from whom Korn drew inspiration for his idealist philosophy

Ex-libris drawn by his son has Korn's motto: "Latin mind, German heart'

impose on the students greater concentration, and, above all, self-control. Freedom is good for the strong; in the hands of many it will be dangerous. But this does not make it evil. The distinction should be made, for if ineptitude has no place on the faculty, neither has it among the students.

Korn became the idol of university students, and, through the first elections in which they took part, was chosen Dean of the School of Philosophy and Letters of the University of Buenos Aires. His home was always filled with students eager to talk with him. In the cafes, he led the intellectual discussions. He was the perfect teacher.

Korn's attitudes during the university reform were remarkable on many counts. The clarity of his analysis of the spiritual phenomenon, the logic of his reasoning, the dignity with which he clothed the problem, and the vigor of his new ideas for Argentine youth were extraordinary. Moreover, he demonstrated courage and conviction in taking the side of the students and defying the short-sightedness and lack of understanding of the older generation. It was unusual for a man of almost sixty to align himself so completely with a cause of men much younger, both chronologically and psychologically. No less outstanding was his ability to take the facts, interpret them in the light of his new ideas, and use them as an argument in polemical discussion.

In other words, Alejandro Korn, in his antipositivist struggle, was not content with purely abstract refutations. The post-positivist European philosophy offered him all sorts of arguments; his own critical reflections enabled him to point, with strong logic, to the errors in the doctrine he was fighting. But Korn was no ivory-tower philosopher, unaware of the immediate problems of his environment. He was as much citizen as philosopher.

compelled to illustrate with hard, cold facts the decrepitude of the then dominant ideology.

These words of irony with a marked Socratic flavor, spoken before a group of students, reflect perhaps better than any commentary Korn's peculiar genius:

I consider myself only a student, and—may this not be a disgrace to academic propriety—a bad one at that. I still have not fulfilled the honest bourgeois ambition to sit back smug with the certainty of a job well done, without any doubts or problems. I make no distinction between myself [and my students] because, like them, I still doubt, am ignorant, and sometimes even study.

Korn maintains that our knowledge of the world must always be a mental phenomenon, and within that sphere of awareness he draws a distinction between the subjective order of the ego and the objective order he calls the non-ego. The objective world is outside the ego, but not outside the realm of consciousness. Science studies that objective order, which appears to us in space, passes in time, and is subject to cause and effect. But space, time, and causality are elements of knowledge, not realities independent of it. This is enough to show that Korn was an idealist philosopher.

Everything in the objective order obeys a cause; it is the domain of necessity, of the absence of liberty or purpose. The subjective order, the ego, in contrast, is free, autonomous. The ego, or the individual, suffers, enjoys, asserts, denies, creates values and standards of conduct to which he submits voluntarily. The ego has aims of its own.

If Korn agrees with the positivists on the impossibility of metaphysics as a science, he differs violently when they conceive of man as merely the product of heredity and environment. He proclaims the freedom of the individual. Science is at the service of liberty, helping to free man from the tyranny of the objective world, to give him economic freedom, thereby making possible ethical freedom. The two together make up what he calls human liberty.

The fundamental thing, he believed, was not the struggle for existence but the struggle for liberty, for man will give up his life for freedom. Ethical freedom, man's control over himself, is expressed in the creation of values. Man freely calls a thing bad or good, just or unjust. Freedom is the capacity to choose, to assert or deny. Thus it is creative, and the sum of its creations is culture. Values, being the creations of the free human will, are therefore subjective, not absolute.

Science, as we said, studies the objective world, but does not seek knowledge for its own sake; he has a pragmatic concept of science. But philosophy, in contrast, should limit itself to being a theory of values, an axiology, a study of the creations of liberty.

To attempt a critical analysis or detailed explanation of the totality of Korn's philosophy here would not do it justice. However, the role that freedom played in his concepts and how his doctrine corresponded to the reality of the times are most significant. His doctrine plunged its roots into socio-historical problems of Argentina. Therefore, Alejandro Korn, philosopher of freedom, was, in his time, the Argentine philosopher par excellence.

The total significance of his work is clear: It was an incitement to Argentines, faithful to the ideal of freedom proclaimed by their founding fathers and exalted in their national anthem, to dedicate themselves to fulfilling their true destiny of creating a superior culture of free men.

In 1930 Alejandro Korn retired from active teaching at the universities of Buenos Aires and La Plata, and he himself was instrumental in choosing Francisco Romero as his successor. It was a twelve-hour interview with Korn that persuaded the scholarly army captain to try for the professorship. Korn spent the last years of his life lecturing and synthesizing his philosophical thought in a thick, comprehensive volume entitled Apuntes Filosóficos (Philosophical Notes). He wrote it, as he himself so beautifully expressed it, "in the dusk of life." Romero's comments on this book were:

Fine, clear, stable, compact volume. An excellent résumé of a philosophy that knew no rest. Abundant words of science and hope, enlivened by human warmth, written in an evening dusk that seems a dawning. Anyone who has enjoyed the privilege of knowing Korn well will not be able to read a single page without seeing his bright, smiling face and again feeling the warmth of his strong, friendly handshake.

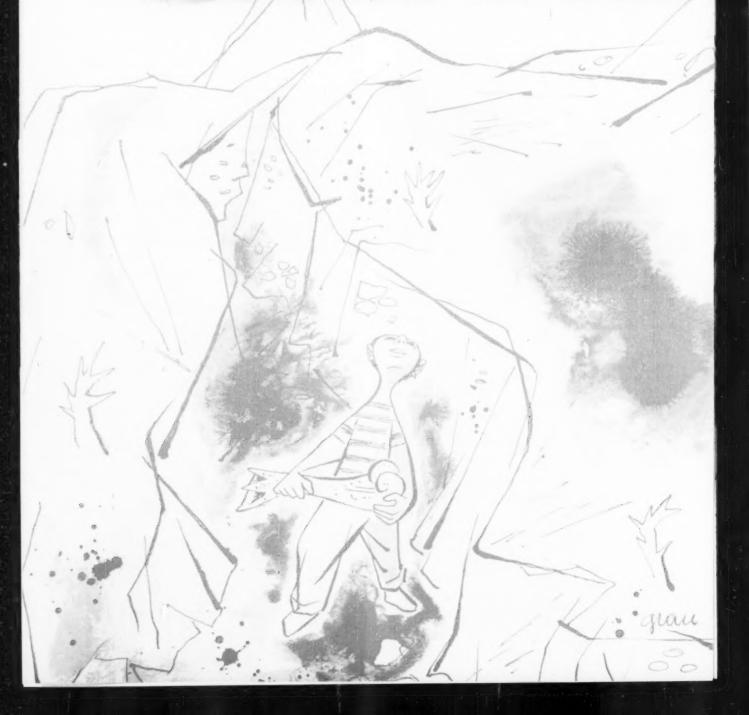
In La Plata on October 9, 1936, Korn expressed one last wish to his children and friends who had gathered round his deathbed. He wanted only a simple funeral and a modest tomb. At the very end he asked them to uncork a bottle of champagne so they could all have a drink together. The dying man offered the toast and smiled for the last time.

The philosopher's friends planted a laurel on his grave. • • •

Deeply interested in young people and extremely popular as a teacher, Korn retained a youthful outlook even as an old man



## THE BONE IN THE





#### Paul Hyde Bonner

#### Drawings by Enrique Grau Araújo

IF ANYONE spoke to David at all during the picnic, it was to command or criticize. Mainly they ignored him, talking endlessly the talk of grown-ups, which seemed to him infinitely boring. But he was quite content. He preferred his own thoughts, which, in this new and startling country, could build up endless romances of Apaches and conquistadors. He had even recovered from the momentary disappointment which had come over him when Mrs. Nutting had announced at breakfast that Barbara could not come, as she had developed a sore throat, with a slight fever, and would have to spend the day in bed. With Barbara here he would have had to forego his dreams, and they were more exciting than her stories of the river floods and the strange customs of the San Ildefonso Pueblo. For what he saw now-the scarred hill behind them, the dry river bed, the arid landscape, polka-dotted with stunted piñon, and in the distance the solid bastion of Black Mesa silhouetted against the mountains-was far more grand and spacious and romantic than he had imagined it would be.

The evening before, he and his parents had arrived at the Nuttings' house after a grueling, hot drive across the plains of Texas and eastern New Mexico. As tired as he had been, the sight of the low, rambling adobe house with its protruding beams had thrilled him. Barbara, who was thirteen and a year older than he, had taken him in hand while the elders were having their cocktails, showing him the corral and the horses, her white pony in particular, which she had said she would let him ride, and the big kitchen with its brown tiled floor shining from a polish of olive oil. There he had met Tina, the dainty little black-eyed cook who had called him Meester Daveed. It had all been so foreign, so different from anything he had ever encountered in New York or Connecticut that it had been hard for him to believe that he was still in the United States.

The talk of his elders as they sat now on Indian blankets, sipping iced coffee, annoyed him. Such phrases as "and of course you've heard what happened to Carola Farthing," were out of place here, stabbing into his illusions like persistent mosquitoes. He looked up at the narrow corridors that rain had eroded on the scarred and naked face of the hill behind them. They looked like

fascinating, twisting hallways into which he could escape from the irrelevant words. Rising to his feet quietly, hoping to be unnoticed, he walked softly in his sneakers toward the entrance of the nearest dark alley.

But his father had seen him. "Where are you going, David?" he asked.

Before David could answer, Mr. Nutting called, "Go ahead, my boy, explore one of those little arroyos. Around here they call them barrancas. Paleontologists are always messing around in them. If you're lucky you might find some bones of prehistoric animals. But watch out when you get to the top. Remember to return by the same arroyo, otherwise you might come out a half mile away."

"Yes, sir," David said politely, and sighed with relief. He had been given the green light, with no word of protest from his parents. He was free now to enter another world, a world beyond the dull prattle of gossip.

The lower portion of the barranca which he entered would have been wide enough for Barbara to have walked by his side, and it was so deep that the sun did not penetrate beyond a yard above his head. The incline of the floor was steep and he climbed slowly, examining the sides of hard, baked earth for signs of arrowheads or prehistoric bones, but all he saw was pebbles and the roots of long dead piñons. As he climbed, the corridor became gradually narrower and less deep, so that finally it was just wide enough for him to walk in the center without scraping his arms on the side walls. His head, too, had reached the sun and he wished he had brought the straw sombrero which Mrs. Nutting had given him to wear on the walk to the picnic.

Then his eve caught sight of a snow-white stone embedded in the wall of the barranca. All the other stones he had seen sticking out of the caked earth had been brown, or tan, or rose-colored. This one was suspiciously white. He clawed the earth around it with his fingers until he could get a grip on it. But it would not budge. It must be bigger than it looked. Taking his jacknife, he cut off a length of piñon root and used it as a tool to dislodge the dirt around it. After a while-it may have been twenty minutes, or even more, time was of no consequence to him now-he pried it loose and it fell heavily to the floor of the corridor. He squatted down to examine it and his heart beat faster. It was a bone, there was no doubt of that. One end had the rounded double discs of a knuckle, the other was broken, not as a stone breaks, but splintered, so that it had a circle of points, some long and sharp, some short where they had snapped off. When he tried to pick it up, he almost dropped it on his toes, it was so heavy. Heavier, he thought, than any normal bone of that size. It was, after all, only about nine inches long and no bigger around than his own arm at the elbow. He tried again to raise it, but it was too much for him. He would never be able to carry it back in triumph. The only thing to do was to mark the spot, then get his father and Mr. Nutting to carry it for him. He reached up and stuck the piñon root in the earth at the crest of the arroyo, directly above the spot where the bone lay. Not that a marker was really needed, for no one could walk up that barranca without seeing that clean white bone lying on the floor.

From where David stood the summit of the barrancas seemed only a few yards above him. The quickest way to summon aid, he decided, was to climb to the top and call down to the picnickers. He scrambled on, stumbling in his excitement, until the arroyo had become nothing but a slight depression. Still the summit was ahead of him. He ran on. It was open now, no more barrancas. Breathing hard, sweat pouring down his forehead, he reached the top and turned to look for his parents and the Nuttings. There was no sign of them anywhere below, nor of the scraggy tree under which they had been sitting. In fact the dry river bed and Black Mesa had shifted to an unexpected quarter. A slight shock of fear went through him, but it subsided when he realized that all he had to do was to return by the way he had come.

He sat down on a ledge of bare earth. He was tired and the sun was merciless and he needed to get his breath back before starting the descent. He thought of calling, but decided against it, thinking it might frighten the old people if they could not see him. Besides, it would be more dramatic to reappear suddenly with the announcement that he had discovered the bone of a prehistoric monster which was so heavy that he could scarcely lift it. He could imagine their amazement, and the headlines of the newspapers the following day proclaiming that David Baird, aged twelve, makes one of the greatest discoveries in the annals of science. Only they probably would not say "science," but use that other long word that Mr. Nutting had called it. Then, of course, there would be a big welcome parade for him when they got back to New York, and he would present the bone to the Mayor on the steps of City Hall, saving that it was to be kept in the American Museum of Natural History where all scientists could study it.

Gosh, he thought as he looked out at Black Mesa, this is a magical country where things like this can even happen to me! Taking a deep breath, he got to his feet and started the walk downhill. He was in no hurry any more. The visions of his triumph were too good to waste in headlong descent. He would take it slowly, stopping on his way for another good look at his prize.

As the track became a ditch, and the ditch became a small arroyo, he kept his eyes alert for the white bone and his marker root. Around each bend his vision darted ahead, but never to find what he was searching for. Suddenly he realized that the arroyo was far deeper than at the spot where he had found the bone. A slight

shudder of fear passed through him again. It was perfectly obvious that he must have taken the wrong barranca. He turned and, running, climbed back up the hill, his eyes on the ground, searching vainly for the bone, his mind in a turmoil.

Reaching the summit for the second time, he tried to find the ledge where he had sat to catch his breath. There were many ledges on the bare, caked earth and one looked like another and all were too hard to show the mark of his dungarees. When he found the one he thought was right, from which Black Mesa could be seen at the same angle as before, he started again on a descent, picking a scar which pointed in the direction of his original climb. But it turned out to be no better. Carefully, slowly, from scar to ditch to trench to deep and narrow corridor he walked, his eyes riveted on the ground, with no sign of the petrified bone. At the point where the top of his head was on a level with the crest of the barranca, he slowed almost to a stop, for it was at that depth that he had found the bone and set the marker of piñon root. They were not there.

It was then that the thought came to him—the bone was magic, like Aladdin's lamp! It had been placed there in some ancient time by a sorcerer in the knowledge that someday someone would find it and dig it out. That someone, that lucky person, that person with an eye keen enough to spot the small white dot in the wall of brown dirt, would, upon releasing the stone from its prison, be himself imbued with magic. But the bone, having accomplished its purpose, would disappear. That was it! He, David, had not taken the wrong barranca, it was the sorcerer who had retrieved his talisman and taken away the marker.

He examined what he could see of himself to note if there were any change. No, the dungarees and sneakers and the plaid cotton shirt were still clothing him. His hands, too, were the same, small, white, and slightly dirty from digging out the bone. He felt his face and head. There was no beard, and his hair was still short. The change, then, the magic, was a power within him, a power to gain a wish, perhaps many wishes. What should his first wish be? It should be a fairly simple and easy one, not something to put a strain on the bone, which had not been able to exercise its powers for thousands of years. The big wishes, the important ones, could come later, when the magic got limbered up and into its stride.

Walking down the twisting arroyo, he pondered this matter of the wish. Several possibilities occurred to him, like having a gleaming nugget of gold appear on the ground in front of him, or being suddenly clothed like Hernán Cortés in armor and leather, but he rejected these as so personal and selfish that they might discourage the magic bone from any further effort. Better, he thought, to wish for something that would broaden his vision, make him more capable of assuming the responsibilities of the eventual riches and might he would acquire. Travel was one of the things his mother was always saying broadened one. But where to? Europe? His mother was always trying to get Dad to take her

to Europe. That was a pretty big jump for a first wish, and, besides, this was an American Djin who might be offended if David asked to be whisked to another hemisphere. Better keep it on this side of the oceans, and not too far away. Mexico! That was it, the nearest foreign country, yet it was different and would broaden him.

He stopped and took a deep breath. The arroyo was wide now, and David could have seen, had he looked, the fields and trees beyond its entrance. Clutching his hands and closing his eyes, he steadied himself and whispered, "Dear Djin, please take me to Mexico for an hour, but get me back to the Nutting ranch in time for supper."

A tremor passed through him as he stood there, his eyes still closed, giving the magic time for transportation. After a full minute, he let out his breath and opened his eyes. Nothing had changed. He was still in the barranca, hemmed in by towering walls of dirt. His eyes filled with tears. It had not worked. Something he had done or said was wrong and had offended the Djin. He walked on dejectedly, unaware that he had left the barranca and was in a field. Maybe I shouldn't have called him Djin, he thought. The Djin, after all, was Aladdin's sorcerer and Aladdin was a Turk or a Persian or something. He would have to try it again with another incantation.

Stopping once more and again closing his eyes and taking a deep breath, he spoke this time in a full clear voice. "Dear Medicine Man, or Sorcerer, or whatever you call yourself, will you please take me to Mexico for a little while and get me back to the Nuttings' in time for supper. If this is too much for a first wish, please find some way of letting me know."

Again he held his breath and kept his eyes closed for sufficient time for the magic to work. But this time sounds came to him which he had not heard before. He could hear the gurgling melody of water running over stones, and then the sound of a voice, a high-pitched voice, calling in a strange tongue. Opening his eyes, he saw a boy kneeling by a stream about a hundred yards from him. Near the boy, tethered to a bush, was a small grey donkey with a heavy pack saddle on its back. A thrill of excitement went through David when he realized that the place where he was standing in no way resembled the scenery of New Mexico as he had seen it from the barrancas. Here everything was lush and green, with grass on the meadows and trees, whose leaves shimmered in the faint breeze. Beyond the stream a rocky meadow rose steeply, and in it goats and sheep were grazing. Above the meadow he could see the square white steeple of a church and the upper stories of white, foreignlooking houses peeping above the trees. This was it! He was in Mexico!

He was laughing out loud through pure joy when he saw the boy turn and wave to him, beckening him to come over. Swiftly he ran through the thick grass, feeling as light as an antelope, all the tiredness vanished. The boy was as dark as an Indian, with large, jet-black eyes and straight black hair which lay over his forehead in a bang, yet stood up from his scalp lock like the crest of

a cockatoo. He wore rough trousers of homespun wool that had been patched many times and a white cotton shirt that was torn. His strong brown feet were bare. From the size of him David guessed that he was twelve or thirteen years old. Grinning as he knelt, leaning over the bank, the boy pointed into the water and said something in a language David could not understand.

"Are you fishing?" David asked.

The boy laughed, shaking his finger back and forth, then pointing it again into the water while he continued to talk rapidly in his own language.

David realized now that he had forgotten to ask for a knowledge of Mexican or Spanish, or whatever it was they spoke, when he was making the wish. But it might complicate matters to amend a wish in the middle of its performance, so he let it go and looked into the stream where the boy was pointing. All he could see were some very round, symmetrical stones. He had no idea what they were used for, or why the boy was so excited about them

Then the boy lay flat on the bank, and, reaching down into the water with both hands, took hold of one of the stones and lifted it out on the bank. David laughed when he saw that it wasn't a stone at all, but a melon. He lay down next to the boy and helped him pull the rest of the melons out. There were about a dozen in all, some cantaloupes, some honeydews, some different from any David had ever seen. He wondered why they had been put in the stream, and came to the conclusion that there were no Frigidaires in Mexico, so this was their method of keeping them cool.

When all the melons were on the bank, the boy pulled a switch-blade knife from his trouser pocket and proceeded to cut a large honeydew in half. With expert dash he scooped out the seeds and strings from the centers of the two halves, then cut the halves in quarters and handed a quarter to David, talking all the time in his own language, which was pleasant and musical, like



the song of a thrush. David waited for the boy to start eating before he took a bite of the cool, juicy meat from his own slice. It tasted better than any melon he had ever eaten, and the pleasure which showed on his face seemed to amuse the boy, whose black eyes laughed at him over the rim of honeydew.

It did not take long for them to finish their two quarters each and toss the rinds into the stream. Then the boy started piling the remaining melons on the pack saddle of the donkey. David helped him, carrying the melons to the donkey while the boy placed them securely in the sacks of the saddle. When the melons were all loaded, the boy unhitched the donkey and started leading it upstream along the bank. He waved to David, as if to say, now that our picnic is over I must say good-bye and be on my way. But David, knowing that the Djin, or rather Medicine Man, would whisk him back to New Mexico in time for supper, had no desire to leave his new friend, who had already broadened his knowledge of melons, so he walked along on the other side of the donkey's head, stroking its strong, muscular neck. The boy seemed delighted to have David come along, for he grinned, chatting away in Spanish and pointing to the village on the hill.

The donkey did not need to be led. He knew the way home and seemed anxious to get there, walking up so briskly that David and the boy had to trot to keep up with him. At the ford in the stream the donkey crossed without hesitation, but David had to stop and take off his sneakers. The pebbles of the stream bed hurt his tender feet and the boy, waiting for him on the far bank,

laughed at David's wobbling progress through the shallow water.

The village enchanted David, it was so like the pictures of Mexico he had seen in the National Geographic, with its whitewashed walls, its windows and doors with deep reveals, making the inside of the houses look dark and cool. Chickens and turkeys wandered in the street, walking in and out of the houses and dusting themselves in the powdery dirt. Beside each doorway hung long strings of small red peppers, curled and shriveled like old fingers in rubber gloves. At the house next to the church, which was bigger and more imposing than the others, the boy stopped and knocked on the oak door.

A priest in a long black soutane opened the door and greeted the boy with a smile, patting him on the head and talking rapidly to him in Spanish as he nodded toward David. Whatever was said seemed to satisfy him, for he proceeded to examine the melons in the saddle bags, then, with a final pat on the heads of both David and the boy, he took the donkey by the bridle and led him around to the rear of the house.

Taking David by the hand, the boy led him back down the dusty street. He seemed to have a purpose, one that pleased him very much, for he smiled and talked, more to himself than to David. The sun was low now, just a great red disc sitting on the top of the distant mountains. David wondered what time it was, hoping that the Medicine Man would remember to get him back to the United States in time for supper.

The boy turned suddenly, leading David into one of the dark doorways. At first the change in the light was so great that David could see nothing, then gradually he could distinguish the objects in the room. In the center of the hard-packed earth of the floor were a rough, handmade table and four small chairs with cane seats; behind them was a door leading to an even darker room; in one corner, low on the ground, there was a small bed or bunk covered with Indian blankets and over it hung a crucifix, simply carved, but, to David, infinitely sad and beautiful. At the other side of the room a barefoot woman in a faded Mother Hubbard was standing with her back to them waving a fan of turkey feathers before the opening of an earthenware oven. Whatever it was she was cooking was in a big brown pot on top of the stove.

She must have heard them enter, as she spoke without turning. The boy said something in reply that made her wheel about. She looked at David with a frown and muttered something to him. David was embarrassed. He felt that it was rude not to reply, not to say something that would explain his presence. He shrugged his shoulders and looked at the floor. "I'm sorry," he said. "but I can only speak English."

There was more conversation between the woman and the boy before she laughed loudly and, coming over to David, pinched his cheek and pulled a chair out from the table, indicating that he should sit down. David obeyed, realizing now that he was very tired. He yawned. The air was filled with an overpowering aroma that came, David knew, from the brown pot on the stove.



It was a flavor he could not recognize, being unlike anything that had ever come from his mother's kitchen. It was tempting though, making him both hungry and sleepy at the same time. He wondered again if the Djin had forgotten about getting him back for supper.

The boy brought three plates and three spoons and put them on the table, then seated himself opposite David so that his big black eyes could watch his new friend. The woman brought the pot from the stove, placed it on the table, and proceeded to ladle out big helpings of the hot contents on the three plates. Then she put the pot back on the stove and joined the boys at the table. David was hesitant about eating, not that it didn't smell good, nor that he wasn't hungry, but because he knew that he must not spoil his appetite for supper at the Nuttings'. He could not, however, offend these hospitable foreigners who had taken him in and offered him their food without knowing who he was or where he came from.

The first mouthful brought tears to his eyes, it was so hot with the combined fires of stove and pepper. This made the boy laugh and the woman scold the boy for laughing. After a few spoonfuls, it seemed to David that the whole inside of him from his mouth to his stomach was ablaze. But the very fire made him hungrier and better able to eat it. When he had finished his plate, he was dripping with perspiration and so sleepy he could hardly keep his eyes open. The woman noted this and led him to the bunk in the corner, where she made him lie down while she took off his sneakers.

Someone was shaking his shoulders, making him float up, up, up out of the depths of his sleep. Opening his eyes, he saw a tall black figure standing by the bunk, leaning over him. From the light of a lamp, which now stood on the table, David could see that it was the priest who had taken the donkey and the melons. The woman and the boy were standing by him, all three looking at David.

"Where are you from, my boy?" the priest asked in English, with a slight accent.

David rubbed his eyes, trying to remember. "I'm from Greenwich," he answered finally.

"Greenwich? Greenwich?" the priest exclaimed, bobbing his head in wonder. "That is where time begins. It is very far away." "Yes, sir, it is-very far," David agreed.

"And what, dear boy, is your name?" the priest asked.

"David. David Baird," David replied.

"And how did you get here? How did you come to meet Pedro?"

"It was the Djin-I mean the Medicine Man, the one who left the magic bone. . . ."

"Yes, yes, my boy. Now go to sleep. Have a good rest."
As he closed his eyes David could hear the priest talking to the woman in whispers.

The bed was jolting and swaying as David woke up suddenly from the dream that he was sailing in a storm in Greenwich Harbor. He felt about him in the darkness and touched a leather wall. Then he heard the hum of a motor and the whirring of wheels and realized that he was in a moving car. He sat bolt upright and saw two heads in the front seat, silhouetted against the glow of headlights. One was his father, and the other, the one behind the wheel, wore a flat-brimmed Stetson hat.

"Gee, Daddy!" David cried, happy now at finding his father.

Mr. Baird turned around sharply. "So you finally woke up, did you, son? You were sleeping so hard I thought you'd been drugged."

"Where was I? Where did you find me, Dad?"

"In Cordova."

"Golly! He must have made a mistake."

"Who made a mistake?"

"The Djin."

"The what?"

David realized that in his sleepy state he had said something he ought not to have. To talk about the Djin and the wishing bone would certainly destroy the magic. But it amused him to think that the Medicine Man had thought that the Nuttings lived near Cordova, wherever that was. He laughed softly to himself.

"There's nothing funny about this, young man," his father scolded. "Your poor mother is frantic, and this officer and I have been searching the country all night."

So the man in the Stetson hat was a trooper. He had wondered about him. "I was thinking about the supper," he lied to his father. "It was so hot it nearly burned me up."

"Chili," the trooper said. "They been feedin' him chili." • • •



ORLD OF

COPAN

## Honduras offers splendors of the ancient Mayas

IN THE FAR WEST OF HONDURAS, only a few miles from the Guatemalan border, stand some vivid reminders of a lost world. Weird idols lurk amid the tangled undergrowth, which is broken now and then by strange temples, pyramids, and sculptured stone slabs called stelae. This is all that is left of the ancient metropolis of Copán, a center of the Maya people. Their civilization flourished for about fourteen hundred years in two distinct periods -the Old and New Empires-between about 317 A.D. and 1697. Unlike the more familiar political empires of the Romans, or, say, the Spaniards and the British, the Maya empires were cultural or esthetic. The people enjoyed common thought, language, customs, religion, and an art that has come down to us in the archeological remains found today throughout the dense jungles of the Yucatan peninsula, southern Mexico, and northern Central America.

Copán was the scientific center of the Old Empire (317-987). Although no one knows for sure, its demise was probably due to the complete failure of the agricultural system, for the Mayas were unable to raise sufficient food to meet the demands of their constantly growing population. (On the other hand, the fall of the New Empire—987 to 1697—was apparently the result of internecine strife and the Spanish Conquest). Copán was also the Mayas' second largest city—Tikal, in Guatemala's Petén, was the largest of either of the two Empires, and may also have been the oldest. Possibly named for a powerful native chieftain, Copán Calel, who defended the area against the conquistadors in 1530, the ruins lie on the northern bank of the Copán River in a lush green valley about 2,040 feet high.

They consist of a central group of structures and some sixteen related, outlying groups, with plazas, courts, an acropolis, a ball court, a reviewing stand, grand stair-

> Looking down over ancient Maya ball court and great plaza, Copán, Honduras. Head at left is part of statue in east court.





Central vault of ceremonial ball court is striking example of Mayas' monumental architecture



Above and below: two samples of hieroglyphs from stone stelae in great plaza







Acropolis stairway. Dense vegetation hid many wonders until Honduran Government and Carnegie Institution began restoration

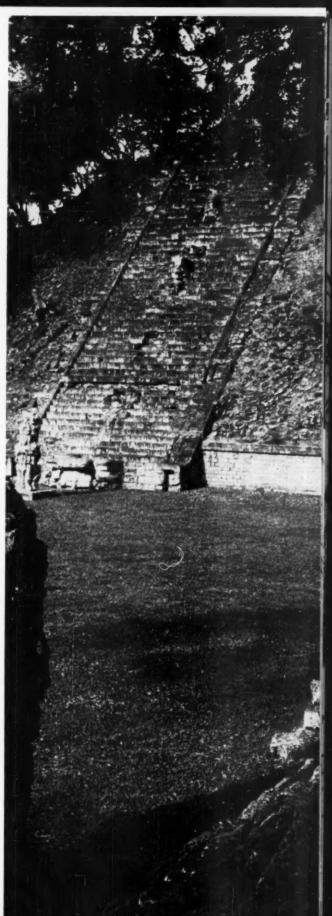
ways, carved altars, and statues. Here the Mayas worked and played, created a civilization that began as mysteriously as it disappeared, for there are indications in the valley of an even earlier people. Clearly a nation of sculptors, the Mayas carved beautifully in jade and basalt, avoided themes of war and violence, concentrated on human, animal, and bird figures, and recorded their history in the symbols found on their temples and stelae. They used perfume, and their clothing was outstanding for the fancy headdresses of gold and jade adorned with the plumes of quetzals and macaws. They worshiped many gods in elaborate ceremonies, among them Kulkulcan, the quetzal bird-serpent, known as the winged serpent and called by the Aztecs Quetzalcoatl, the American equivalent of the Egyptian sphinx. Skillful mathematicians, they developed the concept of the zero; fine athletes, they invented the rubber ball and a game that was the forerunner of basketball. Most important of all, the people of Copán were corn farmers and brilliant astronomers, two interrelated occupations. As a result of the dependence of their corn economy on weather and the change of seasons, their priests formulated a calendar in their observatories that was more accurate than the one used in Europe when Columbus discovered America. Unfortunately for them, they apparently knew nothing of soil conservation, and this may have been the principal reason why they were eventually forced to abandon Copán and move elsewhere.



Massive head and hands decorated east court of Copán acropolis

Although the first written account of the ruins is contained in a letter written by Licenciado Doctor Don Diego García de Palacio on March 8, 1576, to King Philip II of Spain, the first archeological expedition was made only in 1834 on behalf of the Guatemalan Government by Colonel Juan Galindo, an Irish adventurer who had changed his name from John Gallagher. He attracted considerable attention to Copán, and several expeditions followed. In 1881, Alfred P. Maudslay, an Englishman, made the first intensive study of the site, inspiring the Peabody Museum of American Archeology and Ethnology of Harvard University to launch a series of four expeditions. But it is largely to the efforts of Sylvanus G. Morley that Copán owes its present excellent state of preservation. Probably the leading authority on the ruins, Morley persuaded the Carnegie Institution of Washington and the Honduran Government to cooperate on restoration and site-improvement. Work was begun in 1936 and finished in 1950.

Today, with a modern airport adjoining the site and providing regular service to the republic's principal cities, Copán is readily accessible by air to even the most casual tourist. The Indians still inhabiting the region are descendants of the ancient builders. There modern man rubs elbows with the distant past, a fabulous era all but swallowed up by time and the jungle.—W. B. A.



# points of view





#### FOR MEN ONLY

"PEDRIN CHISPA," in his regular column in the Lima daily El Comercio, recently dealt with a rather touchy subject—"the ideal woman." His approach was admirably intrepid and totally masculine. If there is a woman who has read this far, let her stop now, lest she become a man-hater, or perhaps even a misogamist. He viewed this "ideal" as a prospective mate:

". . . Her father should be a millionaire.

"She should be smart enough to make me think I have more brains than she.

"Lots of nylon.

"She should have several tones of voice, especially a husky one for when she looks deep into my eyes and says: 'Kiss me, Darling....'

"She should make her own clothes, to save the expense of a dressmaker. Ideally, she would also know how to tailor men's suits and her father would wear my size, so I could borrow an outfit once in a while.

"No brothers. But if she has any, it would be best for them to be high police officials, so I could ask small favors the morning after.

"She should have good manners and not say things like: 'You idiot! Sixtyfive dollars won't last all month.' "It's essential that her birthday fall at the beginning of the month, so there'll be money for a present.

"No previous romantic entanglements, to avoid the unpleasant experience of having a strange man pop in unexpectedly and say to her: 'Hi, Honey! What a cute mole you used to have on your sartorius!'\*

"She mustn't be jealous, so I could get away to Cuba every now and then for a brief fling.

"In short, a woman like this:

"'Good afternoon, are you Luchito's wife?'

"'Yes, come right in, won't you?'

"'Thank you. Look . . . I don't suppose Luchito has told you about me, since he's always so proper.'

"'Of course he has spoken of you, and I'm so glad to meet you. It's wonderful to know we both love my husband. Come, my Dear, sit down. . . .'

"'Fine! Believe me, I'm really proud that Luchito loves me, and it's good to know he has such a nice wife.'

"'Do go on, Miss . . . or is it Mrs.?'

"'Oh, I'm not married.'

"'That's fine. Now, was there something special on your mind?'

"'I wanted to tell you that Luchito doesn't come to see me on Saturdays

"Get those evil thoughts out of your mind! The arterius is a leg muscle."

because he says he's staying home with you, and, well, you know men. . . . I wanted to find out if it's true or if he's fooling us both!'

"'No, Dear, Lucho really spends Saturday evenings here. You see, he has only one suit, and I just happened to choose that time to press it for him.'

"'Oh, I feel better about it now. Thanks a lot, and goodbye.'

"'I appreciate your taking such an interest in our Luchito. 'Bye.' "

#### TOUCHDOWN!

HERE IN THE UNITED STATES football season is upon us. What effect does this national pastime of ours have on others? Recently, in connection with São Paulo's Fourth Centennial celebration, Jackson High School of Miami, Florida, put on an exhibition that caused mixed emotions of confusion, delight, and alarm among the Brazilian spectators. The event was described in the weekly magazine Manchete of Rio de Janeiro:

"The performance . . . was the best of the Centennial festivities so far. The 'Yankee' students, with their 130-piece band and football team, broke the monotony of the official ceremonies. . . . There was a mob of about sixty thousand in Pacaembú Stadium to see the demonstration and game. . . . Playing and dancing at the same time, while the majorettes performed acrobatic stunts with their batons, the Miami youngsters struck just the note that had been missing. . . . The band's triumph was indisputable. . . . The well-trained group moved around the center of the field in various formations: 'Viva São Paulo,' 'Viva o Brasil,' 'Viva o 4º Centenário.'

"As for the football game, the crowd hoped it would offer the sort of action publicized by Hollywood. It doesn't. The game doesn't get anywhere. It's involved and lacks continuity. Besides, since we Brazilians don't know the rules, it was even less entertaining, but, all in all, it was colorful. Those hulking men dressed like Frankenstein! And the inevitable interpretations of spectators and sports announcers!...

"We . . . didn't exactly understand . . . just what those two dozen 'Yankees' were doing . . . , either chasing along behind or charging down the field with a melon-shaped ball firmly

#### NOVEDADES DE CABRAL



"Yes, officer, the car was stolen from right here." "Then I'll have to give you a ticket for illegal parking."—Reprinted in Revista Industrial, Mexico City

clutched to their chests. . . . All we knew was what we saw in the frequent movie versions of the Army-Navy game in the United States. If the hero is in the Navy, the Navy wins; if he's in the Army, the Army wins.

"It's very difficult . . . to keep track of the 'melon.' They all seem to be killing each other, but no one is really fighting. Incredible! It's even harder to understand what the stripes on the field are for. The goal is there, but the players don't seem to pay much attention to it. When the ball goes between the posts, the Brazilians cheer, but the players don't. When it goes over the crossbar, the crowd moans, and the players applaud. When the spectators think it's a goal, it isn't. The game just doesn't excite a Brazilian cheering section. The one who really confuses everything is the referee. When a man falls down, there's a pile-up. Things start getting hot, the referee sticks his nose in, and it's time to start over again.

"After all, what's the main idea, to play standing up or lying down? I timed it. . . . Out of every ten minutes, the players spent only one on foot and nine doubled up on the ground in a devilish confusion of arms and legs.

"One spectator, half disgusted and half fascinated, asked another: 'Haven't they invented the round ball in the United States yet? When that thing falls on the ground, it comes out dancing a wild conga, and no one can catch it.' Another mused: 'How U.S. mothers must suffer when they watch their sons play.' At that very minute, one player was butted on the nose hard enough to knock anyone unconscious.

"It's a fact: Football needs an interpreter."

#### SILENCE PARTY

In a column in the Havana daily El Mundo, Pitigrilli strikes a note—muted, if you please—of universal interest. Traffic noises, radios and clocks, chattering people (men, too) are all part of our daily lives, and, as the author points out, escape has become virtually impossible:

"Past generations, steeped in quietude, invented some expensive things, such as music-the most costly and disagreeable of all noises, according to Victor Hugo-to break the monotony. Today, silence itself is the dearest luxury and the most difficult to find. The man who needs quiet can do nothing but run away to a desert island, and even there he'll probably find a shipwrecked sailor who managed to salvage his portable radio. And if he should rent a little room in a lighthouse, the lighthouse keeper's daughter will undoubtedly practice the piano. . . . In the death row at Sing Sing a centrally located radio plays all day long; I don't know whether it intended to take the condemned prisoners' minds off their troubles or to torture them further.

"Our ancestors' system of going to the country to spend the summer away from bothersome city noises . . . is no good today. During vacation time the rural areas are crawling with other people escaping from the city who . . . bring along all their vociferous city customs, the hustle and bustle, the neurotic superabundance of words.

"Monotonous, repeated sounds tear our nervous systems to shreds. Every

night before going to bed, the Belgian poet Verhaeren used to stop all the clocks. . . . The continuous tick-tock, . . . like the Chinese water torture, is more nerve-wracking than the impudent ringing of the alarm at a set hour. According to psychologists, a noise that reduces a manual labor by 5 per cent reduces intellectual output by 30 per cent. . . . What is so harassing is the realization that, listening to an annoying sound, we can't understand the page we're reading. Thus . . . we become irritated at the whole world and the men in it. In my opinion, misanthropy enters the mind through the ears.

"The most disgusting sort of noise comes from a senseless conversation. For example, you take a trip on a train and carry along a three-hundredpage book that normally could be read in about six hours. . . . In the same compartment will be three or four typical passengers whose conversation is strictly phonetic, completely lacking in thoughts or ideas. The book's cultural content . . . is completely bogged down in the noise of the three men talking, and, in the final analysis, . . . what has any one of them said that the others didn't already know? . . .

"The word is an instrument that is often abused; it was invented for speaking, and man adopted it for chatting, which is something entirely different. This difference was stressed by Socrates. When a prospective student inquired about lessons in rhetoric, he replied: 'I'll have to charge you double . . . because you're so talkative. It will take twice the effort on my part—teaching you to speak, but, more important, teaching you to keep quiet.'

"Aristotle . . . at the end of a onesided conversation—the philosopher silent and the other man talking showed no sign of either interest or boredom.

"'I think you must be annoyed,"



With the high price of luxuries, a fella sometimes needs a loan.—La Prensa, Managua

said the talker. . . . My chatter is probably distracting you from more serious thoughts."

"'No,' said Aristotle, 'go right ahead. I'm not listening."

"If the talkative person were not so wrapped up in his own inconsequential, nonsensical prattle and were more interested in what others have to say, he would immediately see the stupidity and uselessness of babbling on and on.'

#### LIBERACE'S ANTITHESIS

IN A RECENT article in El Mercurio, daily newspaper of Santiago, Chile, Eliana Simon wrote on a subject that needs no introduction:

"There is a piano in our house.

"Fate bestowed it on my grandparents, and ever since it has been a sort of combination relic, nuisance, and instrument of torture. In general, we have tolerated it with patience and dignity.

"At the time the piano came into the family, houses were spacious, Bing Crosby didn't exist, and canasta was unknown. In those days there was a choice between tatting, putting up preserves, or playing the piano. Actually, our grandmothers probably played the piano as a defensive measure. . . .

"It's too bad pianos last so long. "My mother spent her childhood studying the piano and listening to others play. It pervaded the atmos-

phere; it was a fact, accepted with the same docility as today's inflation. . . .

"When my mother married. Grandfather took advantage of the opportunity to give her the piano. It is black, very black, conspicuously upright, and indisputably German. It doesn't fit any place, doesn't harmonize with any furniture, and defies disguise. It's an austere, forbidding instrument, with a certain sadistic aspect. If it were human. I'm sure it would wear a monocle.

"When I was born, it was a foregone conclusion that I would learn to play. Frankly, I've always suspected that I was brought into the world simply to put the piano to some use. My musical education began when I was school age and still isn't complete. To this very day the art of playing is an unsolved mystery to me.

"In the first place, I've never been



"Bombs will put an end to civilization." "Of course, since civilization hasn't put an end to bombs."-El Tiempo, Bogotá

able to understand how to read notes written in the key of F simultaneously with those in the key of G. It's like trying to read two lines in a book at the same time. Secondly . . . , half the notes are either above or below the staff, and I have to count the lines to figure out which finger to use.

"Once you acquire the skill of seeing double and locating the notes in that maze of lines, then . . . you come across a sharp or a flat at the beginning of the piece, making it necessary to shift the position of your hands on the keyboard to right or left, respectively. . . . Flats, sharps, naturals, and rests are scattered here and there, to suit the composer's fancy.

"In addition, and undoubtedly to make the whole thing even more confusing, the notes aren't all of the same duration. While one hand enjoys comparative leisure, the other must work overtime. It all seems rather undemocratic.

"During my torture I also discovered that a reading knowledge of Italian is indispensable. Staccato, sostenuto, allegro ma non troppo, andante con mobile. . . . With a German piano, Italian music, and an English teacher, naturally I didn't understand a thing. If they had let me study something more familiar, like the cornet, I think I'd have made better progress. But since the piano was in the house, there was no escape.

"This agony, at the rate of one hour a day, continued until I came of agetime enough for a normal student to have become a concert pianist. However, I have the satisfaction of knowing I can't be excelled in stubborn our comparatively new industries that

resistance. I finished off five teachers and one tuner.

"These memories and reflections have come to mind because the piano is about to take up residence in my house. My father has bought Encina's historical works and doesn't have any place to put the collection. Horror of all horrors, he has decided to give the piano to me.

"Good Lord, give me strength!"

#### **ROUND PEGS, SQUARE HOLES**

WE IN THE UNITED STATES have been pretty well saturated with psychological testing programs, most of us having been exposed to them since early childhood. Because of this, our point of view might have become somewhat jaded, and it's interesting to find a fresh viewpoint on the subject. The following article appeared in the first issue of a relatively new Colombian magazine, Industria Colombiana, published in Bogotá:

". . . Psychological testing allows the proper selection of personnel for any sort of undertaking. . . . It is not just an artificial, theoretical system to indicate individual aptitudes or abilities and faults or deficiencies.

"Ever since the second decade of this century . . . such progressive countries as the United States, Germany, France, and Italy have been using psychological tests . . . in the selection and orientation of armed forces personnel. The success of these tests has been clearly proven and . . . now they are used not only in the military, but in industry and other fields. . . .

"When we speak of the importance of vocational aptitude tests . . . , it's not just a whim or a wild attempt to say something new. The worker must be suited to his working conditions. When the laborers, operators, and technicians have specific aptitudes for their jobs, they not only provide a margin for increased production, but also contribute . . . to lowering costs and bringing prosperity to the industries. The placing of workers in jobs where they can give their best performance necessitates the use of selective tests, based on scientific methods. . . .

"With vocational aptitude tests . . .

need skilled personnel to increase their production can avoid long adjustment periods and fruitless trial-and-error....

"Our factories must organize in such a way that costly production methods can be eliminated and the quality of the products improved. These aims can be achieved through the careful selection of workers and the modernization of machinery.

"We have here in Bogotá a functioning Psychometric Laboratory, and the day will soon come when there will be more in other Colombian industrial centers. . . ."

#### TIME OUT FOR COFFEE

HERE IS SOMETHING to ponder as you take that morning or afternoon "coffee break." It will probably surprise you to know that we owe that delicious, steaming "pick-me-up" to a herd of goats. Perhaps now, if you're a coffeedrinker, you'll give more credit to caprine intelligence. This account appeared in *El Auto Uruguayo*, official publication of the Centro Protección Chóferes in Montevideo:

"Many centuries ago an Arab was herding goats in far-off Yemen. He had to find new pasturage, so he looked for and found a place that had never been used before. Soon his herd, which up to then had gone to sleep at sunset, began to suffer from insomnia and stay awake night after night. Also, the animals seemed excited, running and jumping around for no particular reason.

"Superstitious by nature, the herdsman immediately thought evil spirits were responsible . . . and went to ask a holy man for advice. The priest refused to comment until he could see the afflicted animals with his own eyes. He went to the field and, sure enough, the usually docile creatures were quite unruly. He stayed several days with the herdsman and discovered that the goats were eating from a certain bush that had not been in the other pasture.

"He pulled off a branch and made a juice from the leaves and berries. . . . He drank it and found it not bad at all. Nor did he notice that it disturbed him in any way. But that night he couldn't sleep either. . . . It was undoubtedly a plant with supernatural powers.

"Since he alone could not solve the problem, he gathered lots of berries from the mysterious plants, put them out to dry, and then took them to the house of another priest who knew all about plant life around there.

"They made several experiments; they ground and roasted the berries and brewed them into a beverage. They always found that they were wide awake when holy men were usually asleep. The botanical expert, pretty far along in years, felt new strength in his stiffening limbs. . . . In this way coffee's stimulating effect came to light. Time and use made it more appetizing, as it was mixed with other beverages, sugar, and so on . . . ."

So now we're a world of coffeedrinkers, thanks to some Arabian goats of long ago.

#### BIRTHDAY SYMPHONY

Who among us hasn't had a day when everything seemed to go haywire all at once, when our mere existence on this earth seemed rather pointless? Usually, a large dose of patience and a little time will cure the malady. So it was in the following anecdote that appeared recently in Carnet Musical, monthly magazine published in Mexico City:

"On May 7, 1883, Johannes Brahms sat frowning behind his worktable in his Vienna home. Sheets of manuscript paper were scattered all around, some even on the floor; it was the beginning of a new symphony. The composer was dissatisfied with what he had written, and the more he thought about it, the less he liked it. In a sudden flare of temper, he grabbed all the papers, wadded them up, and threw them in the wastebasket. He stared glumly at the empty table, with the feeling that he was empty too.

"'Good heavens!' he said out loud.
'Now I know what it's all about. Today is my birthday. I'm fifty years old.
This explains why I can't write. I've always maintained that an artist is finished at fifty, and I myself am the best example. . . . I'll never write another note as long as I live.'

"Then, to shake off that black mood, he began to thumb through his correspondence. After a while, another idea came to him. "'What I need,' he said to himself, is a long walk in the woods.'

"But then he looked at his appointment calendar and again changed his plans. 'I see I promised to dine with the Ehrbars. I had almost forgotten.'

"He regarded his worn-out alpaca jacket and idly mused that he would have to dress up. His thoughts wandered to the new suit hanging in the closet. . . . He began to dress. . . , but soon discovered that the pants were at least two inches too long. Calmly, he took a pair of scissors and proceeded to cut them down to size. . . . Then he stuffed himself in his famous coffeecolored overcoat with the fur collar, but it was too heavy for the warm spring day. He took it off and pinned a shawl around his shoulders. Clutching his umbrella, he lit his pipe and, in that weird getup, went to his hosts' home.

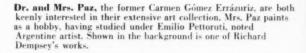
"They knew him very well and made no comments. . . . Their happiness to see him was balm for his troubled soul, just as the meal was for his stomach. Brahms was a gourmet, but he couldn't criticize anything served that day: oysters, caviar, cold meat, chicken, asparagus—fresh from the Ehrbars' farm (two bunches per guest)—cheese, sweets, and champagne. In a state of serene delight after the first goblet, he asked: 'Do you know today is my birthday?'

"And they replied: 'But that's the reason for this dinner! And since you seem to have enjoyed it, we'll do it again every May 7, with the same menu. Agreed?'

"Brahms was happy to accept and grateful for such kindness, and when he left, his earlier depression had vanished. He walked alone along the way he liked so much: first through the Prater, and from there to the celebrated Viennese woods, which had already inspired Beethoven, Strauss, and Schubert. While strolling along the banks of the Danube, he began to sing. Afterward he felt like writing, his fleeting vow to give up composing long since forgotten. He took out his notebook and pencil and excitedly started to write. . . . Thus the triumphant Symphony in F Major was born. Brahms wasn't 'washed up' at fifty; he lived to be sixty-four and completed another of his immortal symphonies."

# EMBASSY ROW

Hipólito J. Paz, Argentine Ambassador to the United States since 1951, is one of the youngest men on the diplomatic scene in Washington, though in point of service he ranks as a veteran. He graduated from the School of Law and Social Sciences of the University of Buenos Aires in 1939, and in 1944 became an associate professor of criminal law at his alma mater. Holding a doctorate in jurisprudence, Dr. Paz has been the Director General of Penal Institutions in Buenos Aires Province, and Legal Advisor to the Ministry of Justice and Public Instruction and to the Ministry of Education. In 1949 he became the youngest Minister of Foreign Affairs in his country's history, and two years later served as Argentina's official representative to several international meetings. Also a writer of note, he won the top literary prize in the city of Buenos Aires in 1948 for his book of short stories, El Abismo (The Abyss).

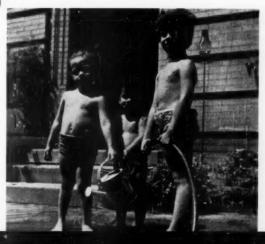




The Paz household includes these three charming daughters. Ximena (center) and Carmen (right) seem more engrossed in their morning cereal routine than Patricia (left), whose attention is divided, at least for the moment.



The Misses Paz have obviously discovered the best way to beat the Washington heat. Posing here, in enviable warmweather attire, are (from left) Carmen, three, Ximena, two, and Patricia, five.





# books

#### "DOÑA BÁRBARA," NOVEL EXTRAORDINARY

Juan Liscano

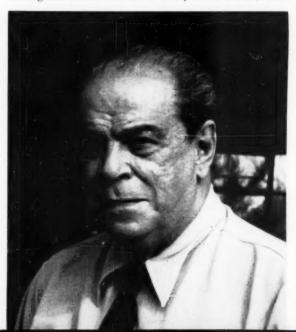
LATIN AMERICAN FICTION, with a national flavor and designed to win an international audience, grew and ripened during the first three decades of the twentieth century. Undeniably there were worthy predecessors and many more or less successful efforts during the second half of the nineteenth century in countries south of the Rio Grande. Even so, only after 1900 did literary inspiration in novels and short stories become more than sketches of history or customs, easy picturesqueness, and retarded romanticism; at that time writers began to convey thoughts and emotions that were tied up with the landscape, American potentialities, national virtues and defects, mestizo personalities, and social reality. Novels like Canaan (1902), by the Brazilian Graça Aranha, Los de Abajo (1916, published in English as The Underdogs), by the Mexican Mariano Azuela, Raza de Bronce (The Bronze Race, 1919), by the Bolivian Alcides Arguedas, La Vorágine (The Vortex, 1924), by the Colombian José Eustasio Rivera, Don Segundo Sombra (1929), by the Argentine Ricardo Güiraldes, and Doña Bárbara (1929), by the Venezuelan Rómulo Gallegos, led the way toward awareness of Latin American reality, by way of the individual realities of each country.

This year Doña Bárbara celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of its publication, and its author, the seventieth anniversary of an exemplary life, which, like Domingo Faustino Sarmiento's, has been devoted to teaching, literature, and public affairs. There have been many editions of this Venezuelan classic in Spanish as well as translations into English, French—in two successive versions—Italian, Portuguese, German, Swedish, Czechoslovakian, and Norwegian. María Félix portrayed Doña Bárbara in a Mexican movie of the same name, with the script written by Gallegos himself—a film that had little artistic merit but great popular appeal. Critical analyses, articles, and essays have studied, from many angles, the character of the distinguished Venezuelan

amazon whose passion and ultimate disappearance are now an integral part of Spanish American mythology.

The Araluce publishing house in Barcelona put out the first edition of *Doña Bárbara* in 1929. In September of that same year a qualified jury composed of Gómez de Baquero, Gabriel Miró, Díez-Canedo, Azorín, Salaverría, Ricardo Baeza, and Sainza Rodríguez surprisingly awarded it the "book of the month" prize. There was an immediate public demand for the book, and even a second edition was soon out of print. There were four more printings, at the rate of one a year.

The first three critics who foresaw the novel's triumph were the Cuban Jorge Mañach, the Spaniard Ricardo Baeza, and the Venezuelan Pedro Sotillo. The first translation was in English by Robert Malloy, published in New York in 1931. At the moment his novel attained success, Rómulo Gallegos was forty-five years old and had spent seventeen of those years teaching young people. Among his works were about thirty short stories, some



attempts at drama, and two novels. He was a man in full, promising maturity.

Despite their undeniable quality, none of the fictional works preceding Doña Bárbara contained the same degree of forcefulness, balance, depth, sustained poetic vigor, skilled technique, and energetic style. Doña Bárbara was like a synthesis and a culmination. What other authors had not achieved because of their untimely deaths or lack of inspiration was fulfilled in Gallegos' novel. Baeza stated that "the appearance of Doña Bárbara might be considered Spanish American literature's coming of age." Finally the further indorsement of that work by the publication of six successive novels, among them the superior Cantaclaro and Canaima, confirmed Rómulo Gallegos' prestige as a master of the language and an outstanding writer.

From the very first, the novel's style was judged classic, as much for the sober, powerful structure as for the obvious Cervantes touch in the writing. Gallegos' approach to the novel was simple and direct, inspired



Dust jacket of first edition of Gallegos' classic novel

by the school that gave action foremost consideration. A sparseness of moods and hues was combined with a poetic warmth that pervaded his descriptions of landscapes and nature. In its successful balance of elements and trends, *Doña Bárbara* was both realistic and poetic. It was, moreover, a descriptive novel, a local-color story, a political-social critique, a work with reformist tendencies, a character study, and a portrayal of psychological conflicts.

The familiar plot needs no retelling. Suffice it to say that the crux of it is the violent conflict between Santos Luzardo and Doña Bárbara. He wants to conquer the barbarity of the environment, and she is the very product of that barbarity. The controversy between Luzardo—representing the spirit of good, ethical intelligence, the will to civilize, a sense of fairness and justice—and Doña Bárbara—lasciviousness serving avarice, amorality, superstition, primitive woman's cunning, the avidity of baser instincts—is resolved with final redemption by the

tremendous woman's love for him and her mysterious disappearance. Secondary characters, sketched vigorously and authentically, especially the local people, move between these adversaries.

The drama unfolds before the backdrop of the Venezuelan plain, a vast region of more than 144,440 square miles where, according to Gallegos, "one goes anywhere by any way." Land of empty spaces and suns, of mirages and silences, "all horizons, like hope, all roads, like the will," "where a good race loves, suffers, and hopes." In winter the rains let loose, the men huddle in their hamlets, and the rivers—sluggish flatland rivers with dark, muddy waters—swell and overflow, making inland seas and islands of indescribable loneliness.

Where did Gallegos get his characters? What strange woman could have nurtured the disturbing fiction of Doña Bárbara? What stories of intimate family conflicts inspired the feud between the Luzardos and Barqueros? In brief, how much is truth and how much fiction in the work that led one of the most outstanding feminine characters onto the roads of literature?

According to Gallegos' own confession, almost all the themes and characters in Doña Bárbara are taken from the plains. He discovered them on a trip he made to the Llano in 1927, seeking documentation for a novel that turned out to be Doña Bárbara. Thus he could have his picture taken with Pajarote, an admirable local type, and visit the warm lands of Altamira and those irrigated by the Arauca River. Barqueros and Luzardos, with other names, actually existed, and their bloody enmity brought mourning to both families. Also, there really was a young man from a good Llano family who went to the capital, won a law degree, perfected his moral and intellectual education, and returned home to run his farm and bring a degree of civilization to the region. After some years of successful efforts, when his moment of triumph was near, for some unknown reason he drank himself into a deplorable state. From that living person Gallegos took two of his characters: Santos Luzardo, triumphant, and Doña Bárbara on horseback in illustration from commemorative edition being published by the Fondo de Cultura Económica



Lorenzo Barquero, victim of the unsavory atmosphere. The latter's intimate relationship with Doña Bárbara, feminine, sensual incarnation of the barbaric surroundings, is pure literary invention. It is their daughter Marisela with whom Luzardo falls in love. As for Doña Bárbara, she had, or has, her counterpart in a mannish, wanton, greedy, beautiful mestiza, whose name Gallegos did not reveal out of courtesy and discretion. People spoke of this woman with fear and repugnance. In the story the only fictitious episodes are her initial frustration and her final redemption through her love for Santos Luzardo. The rest-her sensuality and beauty serving her desire for riches, her aberrations and crimes, her ability to ride, shoot, and do a man's work—is authentic. Perhaps the novelist used strong ink to paint her personality, but in Venezuela there have been plenty of Doña Bárbaras who are molded by a primitive, hostile, rural environment where a lone woman, in order to defend herself and make her own way, must sometimes act like a man. Gallegos' particular skill was his ability to bring warmth and feeling to that unusual situation, in seeking a cause and a universal projection to make it a tragedy of archetypes, in which forces of good and evil. conflicting principles of human integrity, dominated by Aeschylean fate, enter into open combat.

Despite the authenticity of theme and character in Doña Bárbara, Gallegos is not a writer given to collecting documents and formulating exact plans. Instead he

Gallegos (wearing puttees) with the man (on alligator's tail at left) who becomes the celebrated Pajarote of Doña Bárbara

writes when the notion strikes him and does not like to have to write every day. He is inspired more by emotion than by intellect. For him, creative effort is less a matter of form, method, and style than of content, inspiration, and substance. His characters live, act, or die, but reason little and almost never soliloquize. Gallegos told me that when he was inspired to write, he would go through the house anxiously looking for just the right corner, usually where he could put a table

against the wall, for he could not write except in a sort of enclosure. Then, at one fell swoop, page after page, without interruption, he wrote and wrote. So it was that, in twenty-eight days and after a week's trip to the Llano, he wrote *Doña Bárbara*.

Perhaps one of Rómulo Gallegos' most outstanding readers was the Venezuelan dictator General Juan Vicente Gómez, who ruled his country for twenty-seven years. After the novel's triumph in 1929, someone whispered in the General's ear that it had been written against him, that *Doña Bárbara*, first entitled *La Coronela* (The Lady Colonel), was an allegory with political implications.



The author crossing a river in the Llano while gathering material for the novel

General Gómez told his secretary—who told me the anecdote—that he wanted to see the work. He read it one afternoon in Las Delicias Park in the city of Maracay. At sunset when the shadows darkened, the dictator was so engrossed that he went on reading by the lights of his automobile. When he had finished, he said: "That's not against me because it's very good. Other writers ought to be doing this instead of meddling in blankety-blank revolutions."

#### SAINTS AND SINNERS

IN HIS FIRST PUBLISHED NOVEL, Assunção de Salviano (The Assumption of Salviano), Antônio Callado has accomplished something rare: he has told an absorbing story simply, beautifully, and with insight. His avoidance of irrelevance in narrative and of unnecessary adornment in style may reflect the professional discipline of a good newspaperman, for Mr. Callado occupies an important position on the staff of the Rio de Janeiro Correio da Manhā, one of Brazil's foremost dailies. The great strength of the novel, however, lies not in the journalist's art but in the infallibility with which the author recognizes motives and spiritual needs. To readers eager to deepen their understanding of Brazil, the book may suggest a characteristic of large numbers of Brazilians that foreigners sometimes overlook: their intense need of, and capacity for, genuine religious experience.

The story takes place in a town on the São Francisco River. Its protagonist is the cabinetmaker Salviano. Indignant at agrarian injustice, especially the unlawful seizure of small land holdings through false documents and the connivance of the authorities, Salviano collaborates with Communist agitators. In order to increase Salviano's effectiveness as a party-line speechmaker, the cynical Communist Salgado persuades him to pretend that he has experienced a great religious conversion and convince the people that his words come from God.

In the course of his efforts, Salviano awakens his own religious consciousness. He talks religion more and more, and social revolution less and less. Cripples, listening to him, throw away their crutches. Crowds hail him as

divinely inspired.

Among his most devoted followers is the young washerwoman Rita. Prior to her attachment to him as a religious leader, she had been sexually promiscuous, sometimes by economic necessity but more often by inclination. She had long been impassioned by Salviano, but he, although friendly to Rita, had remained faithful to his wife. The transmutation of Rita's love for Salviano into devotion, which never loses its sense of intimacy, is implied by the author with great skill and sensitivity.

Because of Salviano's genuine conversion, the Communists recognize him as an enemy. Salgado plants evidence of a murder in Salviano's shed and maneuvers so that his wife discovers it there. Although ostensibly religious, she dislikes the man her husband has become and the new life he leads, including his association with Rita. As Salgado anticipated, she reveals the evidence to the police and virtually charges her husband with the

murder.

Salviano is arrested. By inner compulsion he rejects food and dies in jail. Although their fears are somewhat divergent, Salgado, a priest, and the local political authorities unite to prevent Salviano's body from falling into the hands of his devotees, who are congregated before the prison. Salgado's proposal to make a hole in the roof of the jail and remove the corpse surreptitiously is accepted and executed. The priest does not know that Salgado is a Communist: nevertheless their collaboration—and especially a spontaneous embrace that the priest gives the Communist when the latter devises the plan—may be thought by some readers to suggest anticlerical overtones.

Salviano's followers break into the jail. The body is gone. Seeing the hole in the roof, they know, by their own eyes, what has happened: Salviano has ascended directly to Heaven. The good word spreads rapidly. In effect, an extra-ecclesiastical canonization has taken place in spite of—or rather, ironically, because of—the apparently successful efforts of the saint's enemies.

Suggestions of the life of Christ are woven into the story, but Salviano himself is utterly without pretension. Indeed, much of the charm of the book derives from his simple dedication and unselfconscious humility. It is Rita the magadalene, not Salviano, whose stream of consciousness affirms that "people need a new saint from time to time because you forget the old saints and don't believe in those miracles that happened so long ago, so people need another saint to suffer and pay for their sins

and make you believe again, and he can say, See, you shameless sinners? Do you see?"—William L. Grossman Assunção de Salviano, by Antônio Callado. Rio de Janeiro, Livraria José Olympio Editora, 1954. 219 p.

#### PORTRAIT OF AN ERA

THE APPEARANCE OF A WORK by Mariano Picón-Salas is always a noteworthy event in Hispanic arts and letters. Blessed with a felicity of style that is the envy of his peers, Picón-Salas' serious contributions to the history of his native Venezuela rival most novels for interest and pace. So it is with his Los Días de Cipriano Castro, Historia Venezuelan del 1900 (The Days of Cipriano Castro, Venezuelan History Around 1900).

In an extensive work based upon considerable research, Picón-Salas traces the rise and sudden fall of one of Venezuela's strongest national executives at the turn of the nineteenth century. Using a "life and times" approach, he provides detailed coverage of Venezuela from about 1897 through about 1907, a fecund decade when many nineteenth-century patterns were waning and those of the twentieth century were barely visible. Relying heavily on contemporary periodical sources, Picón-Salas attempts to evoke the spirit of the era and provides a panoramic social and cultural background for the more detailed narrative of military and political history of the day, which forcuses on Cipriano Castro. Replete with appropriate and highly amusing anecdotes, the rather complex story of these troubled years in Venezuelan domestic



Cover of Picón-Salas' new book

and international life moves swiftly along the chrono-

Cipriano Castro, as depicted by Picón-Salas, was a local caudillo from the Andean area of Venezuela bordering on Colombia. He flourished in an epoch when Venezuelan regionalism was even more politically manifest through long-established political dynasties of local chieftains, whose relations to one another and to the nation as a whole Picón-Salas compares to the Goths and Visigoths, or to the Swabians and the Burgundians. The two million or less Venezuelans of Cipriano Castro's era lived widely separated in isolated regions, each with its climatic, ethnic, and political peculiarities, sharing a common hostility to the central government in Caracas. Capitalizing on these sentiments and a decaying political

situation, young Cipriano Castro led a successful revolution in 1899 that placed him in the president's seat, which he held until he in turn was overthrown by his erstwhile companion and compadre, Juan Vicente Gómez, during Castro's absence in Europe during 1908. As president, Castro was almost constantly distracted either by domestic revolutions, none of which succeeded, or by pressure from nearly all of the Great Powers, whose economic interests were badly bruised by his intense nationalism and utter disregard for its economic consequences. It might be added that during his tenure as president he was as successful internationally as at home; the United States was forced to take a strong position when gunboats from the German, British, and French navies hovered off the Venezuelan coasts.

Amid the brilliant and vivid descriptions of numerous personalities of the era. Picón-Salas keeps the spotlight on three, each typical of the times. Their interplay forms a major motif of the work. In marked contrast to the provincial, military, and aggressive Cipriano Castro was the cultured financial wizard Manuel Antonio Matos, whose training as a militarist was considerably below his talents as an economist; in the critical battle of the revolution he tried to lead, he appeared with an umbrella, and ridicule, as much as superior force, henceforth relegated him to the background. Stemming from much the same provincial environment as Cipriano Castro was his trusted second-in-command, Juan Vicente Gómez, a taciturn, able, cattle dealer and leader of victorious troops. Picón-Salas stresses the long, calculated efforts of Gómez to undermine his chief and fall heir to the presidency, which he gained in 1908 and held until 1935.

From the pen of Picón-Salas Cipriano Castro himself emerges as something of a caricature. Apparently his mind was a jumbled mass of ideas derived from his early training as a seminarist and experience as a smuggler, and then filled with half-understood Comtian Positivism. over which played his feeling that Providence had elected him to lead Venezuela and to re-create Greater Colombia. if not to dominate all South America and even the world. It is seemingly easy to document the grotesque and bizarre aspects of his actions, but the author leaves unresolved in the reader's mind the important question of why and how such a person could be so effective and apparently the idol of most Venezuelans for almost a decade. Also, Castro's contributions to the strengthening of Venezuelan nationality and self-esteem seem strangely underplayed, as are his indubitable merits as a warrior, in a land where military virtues continue to retain political glamour.

The professional historian would, of course, like to see the many general and specific statements documented in detail and could point out several minor errors of fact and omission in coverage of sources, especially those dealing with international matters. Quite apart from these relatively small points is the dominant fact that Picón-Salas has brought together a great deal of important information about his country at a critical period in its historical evolution. With the stress on the "Days" rather than on "Cipriano Castro," he has provided his

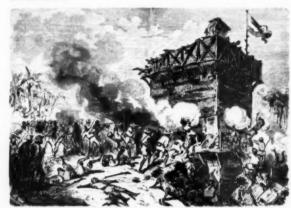
countrymen and the world with a memorable slice of life in Venezuela and Latin America as the past century was becoming the present one. And as a literary work alone, this interesting volume warrants wide attention.—Howard F. Cline

Los Días de Cipriano Castro, Historia Venezolana del 1900, by Mariano Picón-Salas. Caracas, Venezuela, Tipografía Garrido, 1953, 340 p.

#### **BOOK NOTE**

AMBITO DE MARTÍ, by Guillermo de Zéndegui. Havana, Comisión Nacional Organizadora de los Actos y Ediciones del Centenario y del Monumento de Martí, 1953. 224 p. Illus.

This is not a biography, the author warns in a note; his purpose has been "to reconstruct as far as possible the surroundings in which [Martí] lived, both cultural and concrete—that blend of typical realities that constitutes the atmosphere of life." The text, which follows the Cuban patriot from place to place in his wanderings, describing briefly what each looked like, how people lived there, what was happening at the time, and where Martí fitted in, is properly subordinated to hundreds of illustrations—engravings, paintings, old and new photographs—which recreate the late nineteenth-century world Martí knew.



Cuban troops assault Spanish stronghold. From Ambito de Marti

coming in our January number

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Haiti became the sixth country to deposit its instrument of ratification of the additional protocol to the Pan American Sanitary Code when OAS Ambassador Jacques François signed the required documents at the Pan American Union. Certain articles of the 1924 sanitary code were abrogated and modified in 1952 when the Pan American Sanitary Bureau became the regional office of the World Health Organization. Looking on were (from left) Dr. Manuel Canyes, chief of the PAU division of law and treaties, and OAS Secretary General Carlos Dávila.



At the opening of the exhibit of drawings by Mexican artist José Luis Cuevas (second from left), OAS Ambassador Luis Quintanilla of Mexico (second from right) and Mrs. Quintanilla joined him in a discussion with Dr. Érico Verfssimo, Director of the PAU Cultural Affairs Department. Working mainly in ink, with either brush or pen, and occasionally in water colors, twenty-one-year-old Mr. Cuevas represents a new trend in Mexican art: realism without politics. Noted for his preoccupation with death and insanity, unusual for one so young, Mr. Cuevas has chosen his subjects from inmates of sanitariums in his own country, and, more recently, in the United States (see page 15).



Soon after he took office as Secretary General of the OAS, Dr. Carlos Dávila of Chile (left) received a distinguished group of his compatriots: (from left) OAS Ambassador Alberto Sepúlveda; Colonel Diego Barros, chief of the Chilean delegation to the Inter-American Defense Board and Counselor of his country's OAS delegation; Colonel Oscar Izurieta, Military Attaché at Washington's Chilean Embassy and Chief of Mission; Captain Harold Nagel, Naval Attaché and Chief of Mission; and Lieutenant Colonel Carlos Barria, former Chief of the Air Mission and now Secretary of the Chilean Air Force Commission.



When they arrived in Washington by bicycle en route from Bolivia to Ottawa, mine workers Ildefonso Quisbert and Jorge Ayala (left and right, center) were presented to OAS Secretary General Carlos Dávila by Bolivian OAS Ambassador Ranán Castrillo Justiniano. The two intrepid cyclists had been pedaling northward since September 1953. Their adventurous journey was financed on bonuses they received when the Bolivian tin mines were nationalized.

At a recent Pan American Union concert, U.S. composer-pianist Henry Cowell played some of his own compositions on a program he shared with the United States Marine Band. Mr. Cowell, a native of California, is probably best known for his use of tone-clusters in terms of color and pure sound rather than as the result of superimposed harmonies or the coincidence of counterpoint. Also an educator, he is on the faculty of the Peabody Conservatory of Music in Baltimore.



#### LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

#### PUBLISHING EVILS

Dear Sirs:

In the September issue your book reviewer Josefina de Román has found it surprising "that this book [The Spanish Temper] by a man who lives 'chiefly by the eye' should contain no photographs and only a pretty but inadequate map." I wouldn't know about the map—it all depends what one considers adequate—but if Miss de Román has a chance to look at the original British edition (published by Chatto and Windus at fifteen shillings, or slightly more than one-half of the U.S. price), she will find nine superb photographs and a map, which I, for one, do not find fault with.

I have been in the habit for many years now of buying or reading books first published in England in their original editions. After all, what I like in a book is the author's original intention and not what the publishers consider the reader's taste. Many books lose in flavor by being transplanted from one set of covers into another. Completely aside from the fact that most books originally put out in England cost twice or sometimes three times as much over here, even when making allowance for the cost of postage and the occasional customs duty of 5 per cent on shipments of seventy-five shillings or more, the re-editing of already published works sometimes becomes completely contrary to the author's plan.

The publisher of the U.S. version has been particularly notorious in its handling of foreign works, especially translations. I recall reading, in 1944, the English "translation" of Mallea's La Bahia del Silencio. Not having read the original, I was struck by what I thought was the author's forgetfulness—sometimes he would refer to certain characters whom I could not find introduced on previous pages, no matter how carefully I re-read them. Only when a few weeks later I read in The New Yorker how the original five hundred pages had been cut by the translator by more than one-third did I feel justified in taking the book back to the store for refund. I got the refund, by the way.

Stephen Gador New York, N.Y.

#### IGNORANCE IS NOT BLISS

Dear Sire

I subscribed to your magazine because I found in my limited travels in other American countries (Mexico, Costa Rica, Panama, and Cuba) that while the citizens of the many Latin American countries with whom I talked knew so much about us and were so interested in those Estados Unidos de América del Norte, citizens of these United States know so little, and care so little, about these other countries. And it is unfortunate that in so many places one of the best vote-getting methods has been to castigate us.

It all adds up to this: We need better understanding between the peoples of all American countries, which should be the paramount aim of your magazine. And I cannot fail to mention Dr. Rowe, a former Director General of the Pan American Union, who contributed so much, and for whom it was my rare experience to work for some little time.

Francis W. Steele Huntington, W. Va.

#### PROFESSIONAL EXCHANGE

Dear Sirs:

I am very much interested in corresponding in either English or Spanish with members of the dental profession in the U.S.A. Through this exchange of letters I hope to keep in touch with advances made in your country, and, at the same time, give my U.S. colleagues an idea of the progress being made here in Argentina.

Alberto de Cabo Rivadavia, 2134 Buenos Aires, Argentina



Miss Brazil (second from left) surrounded by friends: (from left) Dale Evans, Miss Universe, Cowboy Roy Rogers

#### MISS BRAZIL

Dear Sirs:

We Brazilians are quite proud of our entry in the recent Miss Universe contest-luscious, twenty-two-year-old Maria Martha Hacker Rocha from the State of Bahia. She was runner-up in an unusually close decision and would have been first except for two extra inches around the hips, which some wouldn't consider a drawback! Miss Brazil was in competition with seventy-nine other beauties from the forty-eight states of the U.S.A., Europe, South America, Australia, and Asia, and, according to one judge, her face was "the most gorgeous in the contest, but we just couldn't discount those hips." One of Dr. and Mrs. Alvaro Rocha's eleven children, she will return home with several prizes, including a \$4,000 convertible, graciously conceded by the winner at the suggestion of contest officials. I am enclosing a picture taken with Roy Rogers, his wife Dale Evans, and Miss South Carolina, who was both Miss U.S.A. and Miss Universe. Do other readers wonder that we find no room for complaint, in spite of two extra

E. L. Martins Washington, D.C.

#### **GRAPHICS CREDITS**

(Listed from left to right, top to bottom)

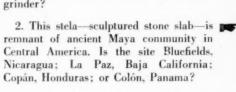
- 3, 4, 5, 6 Courtesy Stanley Pangborn
  - 7,8 Pierre Verger
    - 9 Courtesy Pan American World Airways—Pierre Verger (Nos. 2 & 3)
  - 10 Pierre Verger
  - 11 Courtesy Pan American World Airways
- 12, 13, 14 Paul Almasy, Three Lions
  - 15 Courtesy A. Zorrilla
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  - 22 From Historia de América, Volume 5, edited by Ricardo Levene—From Historia del Pensamiento Filosófico, by José Vasconcelos—Courtesy Hugo Rodríguez-Alcalá
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- 31, 32, 33, 34 Diane and Ray Witlin, Magnum
  - 39 José Gómez-Sicre
  - 40 Courtesy Ricardo Montilla
  - 41 Courtesy Ricardo Montilla—Courtesy Fondo de Cultura Económica
  - 42 Courtesy Ricardo Montilla
  - 45 F. Adelhardt (4)-A. Zorrilla
  - 47 PAU visual arts section

### KNOW YOUR NEIGHBORS' ART?

Answers on page 11



1. Famous piece of pre-Columbian sculpture, now in the National Museum, Mexico City, attests to high degree of ancient Aztec civilization. Was it a calendar, a cartwheel, a sacrificial stone, or a corngrinder?



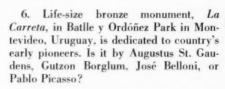


3. Statue of Prophet Daniel by the Brazilian sculptor Francisco Antônio Lisboa, known as O Aleijadinho (The Little Cripple). Did he work principally in the twelfth, eighteenth, or twentieth century?

4. Bullfight by Pancho Fierro, popular early nineteenth-century painter. A mulatto of humble origin, he depicted the people, customs, dances, and ceremonies of Lima. Was his medium water color or oil?



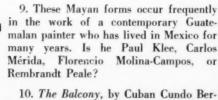
5. In 1890, Arturo Michelena painted Miranda in the Prison of La Carraca. From the title and subject matter, can you tell the artist's nationality?





7. The three foremost Mexican muralists Rivera, Orozco, and Siqueiros—have portrayed Zapata, the agrarian leader, in their work. Which one painted this fresco of Zapata at Dartmouth College in New Hampshire?

8. Market scene is typical of the primitive painting movement developed during the last ten years in the Caribbean republic of - Fill in the blank.



10. The Balcony, by Cuban Cundo Bermúdez, captures mood of a Havana afternoon. It now hangs in the United States at one of the world's foremost museums of modern painting and sculpture. What is the museum's name?















#### CONTRIBUTORS



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The work of the Organization of American States is carried out by the Inter-American Conference, which meets every five years in a different American capital; the Meetings of Consultation of Ministers of Foreign Affairs, which can be called by any State to study problems of a political nature, or when the peace and security of the continent are affected by a situation to which the Rio Treaty of Reciprocal Assistance is applicable; and the Specialized Conferences on technical aspects of cooperation. The permanent body representing the governments of the hemisphere is the Council of the Organization of American States, which meets in Washington at the Pan American Union building. This Council, composed of a representative from each of the 21 American States, has three technical organs—the Inter-American Economic and Social Council, the Inter-American Council of Jurists, and the Inter-American Cultural Council.

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